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Around the World

on a Floating Palace

By James T. Nichols



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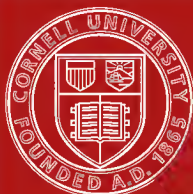
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AROUND THE WORLD ON A FLOATING PALACE

By

JAMES T. NICHOLS

Author of

“Birdseye Views of Far Lands”

Vol. I and Vol. II

NICHOLS BOOK & TRAVEL CO.
University Place Station
DES MOINES, IOWA

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INTRODUCTORY WORD

This book is a record of a voyage around the world. Eight hundred and ten cruisers encircled the globe on a palatial ocean liner. It was the largest company on the largest steamship that ever undertook such a journey.

The story was written for Peoples Popular Monthly, published in Des Moines, Iowa, and is published in book form with the permission of the publishers of this journal.

No literary merit is claimed for the book. It is the simple story of the visit to each country, written "on the ground" and very largely in the language of the street.

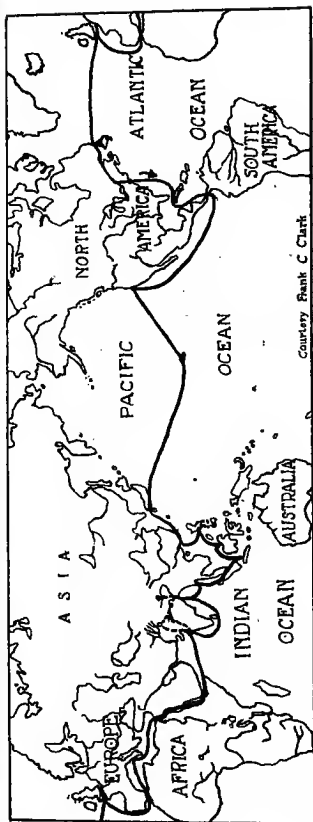
The "Morning Times" feature is an attempt to give some of the happenings and sayings as well as some of the jokes and gossip heard daily on an ocean liner.

The illustrations are almost wholly from pictures taken by the cruisers. Many of these were given the author while on board the ship and unfortunately the names of those who furnished the pictures were not written on them and proper credit cannot be given. In all cases credit is given when known. A map of the world journey is reproduced so that the reader can trace the entire voyage.

The world journey touched about thirty great foreign cities in fifteen countries on four continents. Thousands of miles were traveled on trains in many lands, hundreds of miles in automobiles, about one week was spent in jinrikshas, carriages, carts and on ponies, camels and elephants. Travel on the water covered about thirty-three thousand five hundred statute miles on more than sixty bodies of water. In all, the author traveled almost forty thousand miles on this world journey.



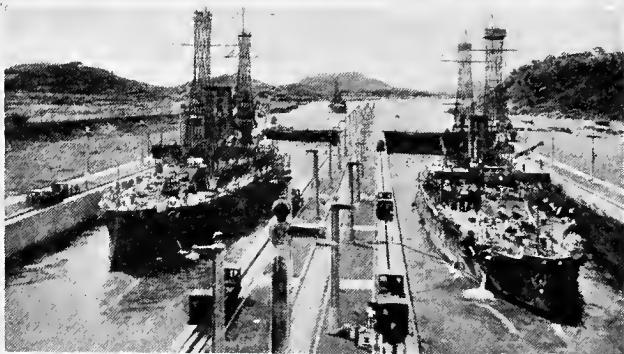
THE
EMPERESS
OF
FRANCE
18,500 TON
STEAMSHIP



MAP
SHOWING
JOURNEY
AROUND
THE
WORLD

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THE PANAMA CANAL

UPPER—LOWER GATES, GATUN LOCKS

CENTER—COALING PLANT AT BALBOA

LOWER—U. S. WARSHIPS GOING THROUGH LOCKS

CHAPTER I

THE "EMPRESS OF FRANCE"

A MIGHTY ocean steamship is a floating palace. Such was the "Empress of France," which was chartered for a cruise around the world. During the war this ship was the flag ship of the patrol between the Shetland Islands and Iceland. She intercepted fifteen thousand ships, escorted convoys and steamed nearly three hundred thousand miles.

After the war the ship was entirely reconditioned and became one of the palaces of the sea. With twenty imperial suites with private baths, hundreds of smaller staterooms, two large dining saloons, two smoking rooms, libraries, lounges, social halls, gymnasium, elevators, glass-inclosed promenade deck, she became a real home for eight hundred and ten cruisers for four months.

She has six decks above the water line and is a quadruple screw turbine eighteen-thousand-five hundred-ton steamship and holds the record for crossing the Atlantic Ocean in five days and twenty-two hours.

On this world-journey, the Empress of France had a crew of six hundred people. Twenty-four engineers and fifty-six mechanics kept the machinery running smoothly. Seventy firemen shoveled three hundred tons of coal into her furnaces every twenty-four hours when she ran at full speed, and when all things were favorable she made more than four hundred miles per day.

It took thirty-six cooks, twelve bakers and seven butchers to get our food ready. And when this was

ready it took eighty-four of our one hundred and ninety stewards to wait upon the tables for our company. In fact, this was the largest company and on the largest steamship that ever attempted to encircle the globe.

We started from New York with eighty-five thousand pounds of fresh beef, thirty-six thousand pounds of mutton, twenty-six thousand pounds of bacon, twenty thousand pounds of fresh pork, ten thousand pounds of veal and twenty thousand pounds of cured ham.

Thirty-one thousand chickens, twelve thousand capons, six thousand ducks, five thousand geese, three thousand turkeys, two thousand quail, one thousand grouse, eight hundred partridges and one hundred and fifty hares were in our refrigerators.

We had four thousand oxtails, four thousand ox kidneys and four thousand pounds of canned ox tongue. We had seventy-two thousand eggs, ten thousand pounds of butter, five thousand pounds of ice cream powder, one thousand gallons of new fresh milk, two hundred gallons of pure cream and the pantry men were prepared to make us forty gallons of ice cream every day.

Along the line of vegetables we had sixty tons of Irish potatoes, fifteen thousand pounds of sweet potatoes, nine thousand heads of cabbage, thirty-six hundred heads of lettuce, eight thousand pounds of turnips, six thousand pounds of carrots, one thousand pounds of ripe tomatoes, twenty-six hundred pounds of cauliflower, and twenty-six hundred pounds of eggplant.

In the way of fruit we had, on leaving New York, four hundred boxes of oranges, four hundred

boxes of apples, three hundred boxes of grapefruit, and other things in proportion. In all the above I have only mentioned some of the most prominent things, as everyone knows there were hundreds of other things along the line of eatables.

At almost every port during the entire journey our refrigerators and pantries were stocked up and it is all but unbelievable the amount of provisions consumed on this world journey. The chief steward told me again and again that he purchased the very best that the markets afforded regardless of prices. He also said that at any time any of the cruisers wanted any delicacy to eat, if he were informed he would do his best to purchase it at the first port touched.

Our laundry was prepared to take care of five thousand towels, three thousand napkins and more than two hundred tablecloths daily. Besides these were all the sheets, pillow cases and other articles, to say nothing of our personal laundry that must be washed and ironed daily. With this in mind, who could but feel sorry for the twenty-eight people in the laundry department, even though they had all modern equipment?

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

JANUARY

No. 1

ANNOUNCEMENT, PURPOSE AND POLICY

A very brief page of *The Morning Times* will be added to the end of each chapter in this book. The name of this sheet is quite significant as will be noted in the next paragraph.

The purpose of *The Morning Times* is to give the readers of this book some idea of some of the doings and sayings that occur daily on a great ocean liner. Once upon a time the editor of this sheet traveled on an ocean liner

where there was a large amount of gossip heard by many of the passengers almost daily. There was one individual, you can guess whether this individual was a man or a woman, who dispensed so much information regarding these doings and sayings that said individual was called by some others "The Morning Times," hence the name of this sheet.

The policy of The Morning Times will be to tell the truth only part of the time. In fact it would be impossible to tell the truth all the time considering the material from which the contents of this sheet must be chosen. It is also impossible to give credit where credit is really due. No doubt some of these jokes and sayings had their origin in the mind of Adam when Eve was "only a rib," but they are told on each voyage as entirely new and absolutely original and it is barely possible that there is at least

one in a thousand who never heard them before.

Let it be further noted that it will be the policy of The Morning Times to keep personalities eliminated from its columns. There will be no mud slinging or anything of that kind, but it will be a clean, moral, upright, newsy, gossipy sheet. A large share of the contents were contributed by the cruisers, and of course everything is new and true and very original, or was at one time. The paper is to be read and forgotten at once, or if you are interested in the story of the cruise you can refuse to read The Morning Times and yet be about as wise as though you had scanned carefully every word in every issue. With this frank statement of policy the editor is relieved from all responsibility, and if you read The Morning Times at all you do so at the peril of loss of valuable time.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK TO HAVANA—1165 MILES

THE Empress of France was the scene of great activity all day January twenty-second. At four-thirty in the evening all visitors were warned to go ashore at once. Thousands had come to the pier to see us off and wish us "Bon Voyage," or "Bum Voyage," as one expressed it. One prominent New York minister had a thousand people from his congregation to see him off. This great delegation was headed by a band and their music was delightful.

Just before five o'clock the great whistle was blown loud and long and its deep tones made the great liner quiver. Gang planks were swung in, the tugs began to puff and as the floating palace began to move, both liner and pier became one vast sea of waving hats and handkerchiefs and the air was filled with "good-byes." Some were singing, some were crying and some were yelling, while others were silently trembling with emotion. We were off on a thirty-thousand-mile cruise around the world.

Down North River we went amidst the shrieks of a hundred or perhaps a thousand whistles from tugs and ferries, motor boats and other water craft and closing factories on the land. Some of the mighty sky scrapers were a blaze of glory as their thousands of lights glittered in the gathering darkness. Although I had passed it more than a score of times, yet the Statue of Liberty never looked more wonderful than at that moment.

Out of New York Bay into the broad Atlantic our great ship proudly steamed, but fortunately the

waters were smooth. Places at tables had been assigned and we who preferred the "first sitting" were all in our places promptly at six o'clock.

Off Cape Hatteras, the sea became a little rough and a good many of our cruisers had their first experience in "feeding the fishes." The ship doctor had one hundred and ninety patients. We had forty physicians in our company and some of them gave their services and advice freely.

Many believe that seasickness is largely in the mind and preventable. The writer is one who believes this but dared not say so before anyone who was ill with the malady. Twenty-five years ago I started across the Atlantic determined not to be seasick, and throughout all the years, making many voyages, I have never missed a meal on board and never lost one.

With calm weather, however, nearly all soon recovered and were as happy as could be. Later on one cruiser developed pneumonia and had to be left at the first stop. He was full of pep, however, and declared he would meet us at San Francisco February tenth. But we never saw him again, for he passed into the Great Beyond the next day.

Passing through the Florida Straits it was early on the morning of January twenty-sixth that we steamed into the Bay of Havana, passed Moro Castle and into the great harbor at Havana, Cuba. At the entrance of the harbor the channel is less than a half mile wide and the harbor itself is one of the finest in the world. It will accommodate nearly a thousand vessels at one time, so experts tell us.

My, what forgotten memories are revived as we look around! Almost exactly twenty-five years

ago, just a few hundred feet from where we are landing, without any warning whatever, the battleship Maine was blown to pieces and two hundred and sixty-six American seamen lost their lives. That explosion was heard around the world and it practically blew Spain from the western hemisphere.

Havana is a city containing nearly four hundred thousand people, a little larger than Kansas City, Missouri. It is said to be the wealthiest city per capita on earth, but I have been in other cities that made the same claim.

By means of a cable it is connected by telephone with towns and cities all over the United States and Canada. The human voice can thus be heard distinctly more than six thousand miles—the longest telephone line in the world. The Chamber of Commerce in Havana had written this fact to me and, in a lecture on board ship before reaching Havana I mentioned it. After leaving Cuba, a gentleman said he took my suggestion and talked with his home in New York City and heard distinctly. A three-minute conversation cost him seventeen dollars but he declared it was well worth it.

The Empress of France had to anchor out in the harbor and we had to be taken to shore on tenders. Before leaving the decks we could see the great line-up of fine automobiles parked on the dock ready to whirl us through the city. We were soon in them and silently speeding over the smooth asphalt paving through streets and boulevards.

Along the great sea wall we went for miles, then to the Country Club and golf links some eight or ten miles away, through fine boulevards and the aristocratic portion of the city. The drive was

delightful. For fine club houses and beautiful grounds, Havana is equalled by but few cities. It is said that one club has forty-three thousand members and their club house cost a million dollars. The Clerks' Club also has thirty thousand members. As the dues are but a dollar and a half a month, one does not have to be rich to belong to it.

The aristocratic Christobal-Colon cemetery is one of the show places of the city. The beautiful "Fireman's Monument" in the center cost seventy-nine thousand dollars and is a wonderful piece of work. But I would not want to be buried in this cemetery because, after three years if the rent of the tomb is not paid, it is opened and the bones thrown out upon the bone pile and the tomb rented again. If I should die and were buried here and my wife married again, I fear the second husband might object to paying the rent of his predecessor's tomb and I would have to go to the bone yard.

Until quite recently, so I was told, this bone yard was a regular pyramid of bones out in the open. But these bones were hauled away and a wall built around the yard and a new bone pile started, but I saw through the crack under the gate and at least a dozen skeletons were in plain sight. Someone suggested that it was bad psychology for the people of Havana to allow this bone yard to be seen by visitors at all.

Half of our cruisers lunched at the Hotel Saville and the other half were taken to the Roof Garden of the Plaza Hotel. These are the finest hotels in the city and I was told that the rates were about twenty-five dollars a day for the best rooms. At

any rate I do not expect to have such a sumptuous feast again on the world journey as the three-dollar-per-plate luncheon on the Roof Garden.

These Cubans are human like the rest of us, for when I complimented the manager of the hotel, not only upon the well-cooked food, but upon the order and system of his management, his eyes sparkled with delight and his handshake was most hearty.

Of course I went to the Columbus Cathedral where the courteous attendant assured me that the bones of the great discoverer of America lie quietly resting in this church. The fact is that in a half-dozen other churches the guides are just as certain about their claims. Yet there was a finality about this man that makes one inclined to believe him, even though Columbus died across the sea and very likely his body was cremated.

It is too bad that space will permit only the mention of the governor's palace, fifteen great churches nearly all of which are noted for richness and splendor of decorations, fifty public fountains scattered over the city, the superb botanical garden, to say nothing of other sights.

I saw the toilers, both men and women, working in one of the one hundred first rank cigar and tobacco factories and was told that they receive fourteen dollars a thousand for making good cigars, of which Cuba sends one hundred and fifty million to the United States annually.

The Island of Cuba is a little larger than the state of Tennessee and contains nearly three million people. She has nearly a half-million children in her government schools and the University

of Havana enrolls nearly twenty-five hundred students annually.

She has one million and a half acres in her sugar plantations and about two hundred sugar mills. Her sugar crop alone in 1920 was valued at more than a billion dollars. If the sugar she exports to the United States alone were all placed upon ships it would take twelve hundred vessels to carry it.

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

JANUARY

No. 2

As we start it might be well to use this edition of *The Morning Times* to mention a few of the most familiar terms that are in use on board ship every day. In doing this I will give the term and its meaning.

Bow—The front end of the ship.

Stern—The rear end of the ship.

Port—The left hand side as you face the bow.

Star Board—The right hand side as you face the bow.

Bridge—A bridge high over the bow where captain and officers stay.

Crow's Nest—A place high on the front mast where the lookout stays.

Lookout—Man in crow's nest who looks ahead for rocks, vessels, etc.

Fore—Any place forward on board where you happen to be.

Aft—Any place on rear of the ship where you happen to be.

Hold—Down the freight elevator to baggage rooms near bottom of ship.

Steward—Man who takes care of your room or waits on you at table.

Stewardess—Woman who looks after room occupied by ladies.

Dining Saloon—Simply the large dining room.

Lounge—Large rooms with all kinds of easy chairs and cushions.

Chief Steward—Man who has entire charge of dining room and food.

Purser—The cashier, banker and bookkeeper of the ship.

Commander—The King who rules the ship—his word is law.

Captain—Man who has complete charge of all the crew.

Chief of Police—Man who has charge of detectives and watchmen.

Log—A sort of a screw, rope and speedometer that measures the speed.

Log—Also donates book

in which are all the records such as reports, longitude and latitude, miles traveled each day and all items of information that are kept on board during the voyage.

Steerage—The decks below where the poorer people travel. However, on this journey there are no second or third class passengers. All rooms have been cleaned, painted and an electric fan placed in each room. The rooms on the lower decks are less expensive but in service, food, free access to all parts of the ship, all are supposed to share equally.

DECK GAMES

There are a half dozen or more deck games that are enjoyed very much on a long journey. Even on a short trip across the Atlantic such out door games as "shuffleboard" and "pitching quoits" are engaged in quite freely.

But more uncommon games are "Threading the needle," "Sticking the pig's eye," "Driving the bottles," "Potato race," "Slinging the monkey," "Cock fight," "Life preserver race" and a lot of others. These games are very popular on South American trips and are very enjoyable.

FORTY WEDDINGS

It is reported that forty weddings will likely result from the courting that began on the "Empress of France" among our cruisers. This is not surprising when it is remembered that there were nearly two hundred marriageable ladies among the cruisers.

HE WILL DO IT ANYWAY

She—Now Doctor, my husband is sure to be seasick. Will you tell him what to do?"

Doctor —"Never mind, madam, he will do it anyway."



Photographs by Paul Boyd

UPPER—ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS IN HAVANA

LOWER—HAVANA FROM ROOF GARDEN, HOTEL PLAZA

CHAPTER III

HAVANA TO PANAMA—990 MILES

LEAVING Havana we had a fine sail on the Gulf of Mexico, which is the boiling pot of the Atlantic Ocean. Here the waters are heated and sent out in that great ocean river called the Gulf Stream. Turning the point of western Cuba we passed through the Yucatan channel, it being but a little more than a hundred miles across to the Yucatan country. Then for several hundred miles we were on the smooth blue waters of the great Caribbean Sea.

Passing the breakwater we came into Limon Bay and had already realized we were at a great world crossroad, for ships flying the flags of nations were in the harbor at Christobal-Colon. As the Empress of France only had about five thousand tons of coal in her bunkers when we left New York she must have sixteen hundred tons more to reach San Francisco.

On this account we went directly to the Cristobal-Colon coaling station, which is said to be one of the most up-to-date plants of its kind in the world. That this statement is true is shown by the fact that fifteen hundred and seventy-eight tons of coal were actually loaded upon our ship in less than twelve hours.

As the ship neared the coaling station we could see a train of ten coaches ready to take us to the twin cities, which were only a few miles distant. It did not take long to leave the ship and board the train, and at the first station a hundred automobiles were in readiness to take half of our party on a

forty-mile drive while the other four hundred went on to the regular station, spent some time sight seeing about the towns and had lunch at the splendid Washington Hotel.

When the first contingent returned to the hotel the second party of four hundred got into the same automobiles and took the drive, which included a visit to the Gatun Lock system, the submarine and hydroplane base at Coco Solo and many other interesting places.

In the year fifteen hundred and ten a man became hopelessly in debt at San Domingo and, to escape his creditors, was smuggled on board the first ship known to reach the Isthmus of Panama. This man was Balboa, and three years later (1513) he climbed a tree on Culebra Hill and discovered the great Pacific Ocean. Four hundred years later, almost to the day, the waters were turned into the Panama Canal.

It took Balboa twenty-nine days to cross the Isthmus. Our ship crossed it in a little more than six hours. Balboa himself originated the idea of a canal across the Isthmus and was so insistent about it that King Charles V ordered a survey made, but the work was not followed up.

One of the next men after Balboa to advocate a canal here was a Scotch preacher by the name of William Patterson, but the people then, as many people of today, refused to take the counsel of the minister. The first people to actually "throw dirt" were the French, who worked eight years, spent two hundred and fifty million dollars and then failed. It is interesting to know that ours was the nineteenth project proposed to dig the canal.

Before describing our passage through the canal I am going to call attention to some facts and figures that mathematicians have worked out. The concrete used in the entire canal would make a pyramid almost as high as Cheops and the excavations would make sixty-three pyramids as large as this mighty Egyptian mass of stone.

Gatun Lake is said to be the largest artificial lake in the world, covering one hundred and sixty-four acres of land. This is made by damming up the Chagras river. The concrete used in this dam alone would make five hundred Washington Monuments and if all the material used in this dam were loaded on two-horse wagons the procession of them would be eighty thousand miles long.

It is more than eight miles through Culebra Cut and the average depth is two hundred feet. At the deepest place this cut is five hundred feet deep and a half mile wide at the top. The channel through this cut is more than three hundred feet wide at the bottom and the water is forty-five feet deep. It took fifty million pounds of dynamite to blast the rocks in this cut and if all the material taken from it were loaded on flat cars it would make a train that would reach around the earth four times—one hundred thousand miles.

In digging this Culebra Cut (or Gaillard Cut as it is now called) one hundred miles of railroad track were laid and one hundred and fifteen locomotives with two thousand cars were in constant use. In digging the canal about thirty-five thousand men were employed, six-sevenths of whom were colored. Our government tried out eighty nationalities and the Barbadoe negroes proved to be the most satisfactory.

The Isthmus of Panama used to be called "the pest-hole of the world," "the bazaar of all diseases." In September eighteen hundred and eighty-five, when the French were at work, it is said that one out of every five men died and that the average life of a workman was only six weeks. Now it is one of the most healthful spots to be found and a mosquito creates about as much excitement as a burglar.

Some time before we began the work the discovery was made that the mosquito carries contagious diseases such as typhoid and yellow fever and that kerosene on water forms a scum that smothers the insect as soon as it is hatched.

The greatest battle was with the mosquito. General Gorgas spent one-half million dollars eradicating this pest. Of course he was the laughing stock of a lot of people who accused him of throwing government money away, but he went on draining swamps and pouring coal oil upon the water, screening in porches and houses and soon these diseases gradually disappeared.

The Canal Zone is a strip of land ten miles wide across the Isthmus. The United States paid the Republic of Panama ten million dollars for it, bought the ground a second time from the individual owners, paid the French forty-million dollars for their rights, are now paying Panama an annual rental of two hundred and fifty million dollars, and have agreed to pay the Republic of Colombia twenty-five million dollars for her good will.

The canal cost four hundred million dollars but is already more than paying expenses, the tolls amounting to more than one million dollars per month. At present there are nearly twenty thou-

sand people employed on the Canal Zone. It takes twenty-five hundred people to operate the canal. It is well defended by airplanes, submarines and big guns. One defense gun will throw a shell that weighs twenty-four hundred pounds seventeen miles and it is said that another gun will throw a shell thirty miles.

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

JANUARY

No. 3

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

Little Tommy—"Pa, what is the Isthmus of Panama?"

Pa—"The Isthmus of Panama son, is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America to the United States Treasury."

VERY PROGRESSIVE

A much married lady imparted to elderly maiden who was devoutly religious the information that she had had four husbands.

The meeker sister said, "It is hardly fair for Providence to give you four husbands and me nary a one."

"Now don't you lay that onto the Lord," said the other, "for He is not in the least to blame. I just got out and hustled for every one of them husbands."

OLD TIME PATRIOTS

To pass through the great Panama Canal arouses

some of the old time patriotism that was manifest in the early days of our country and calls to mind Franklin's Famous Toast.

It was across the sea in the early days when Benjamin Franklin, an English Premier and a French Statesman were together and some one proposed that each toast his own country to which the others instantly agreed.

The Englishman was first and said, "Here's to the King of England, the Sun that gives light to the peoples of the earth."

The Frenchman came next and said, "Here's to the President of France," the Moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world."

Franklin arose instantly and said, "Here's to George Washington the Joshua of America who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and they obeyed him."



Photographs by Mr. Lyman

UPPER LEFT—RUINS OF OLD PANAMA CITY
 UPPER RIGHT—PANAMA BOY AND HIS MOTHER
 LOWER—A PANAMA CANAL SLIDE

CHAPTER IV

PANAMA TO THE GOLDEN GATE—3297 MILES

IT WAS early in the morning January twentieth. Our tolls for passing through the canal had been arranged for and were approximately twelve thousand dollars, but the canal was saving us nine thousand miles between New York and the Golden Gate.

If a steamship is owned by a reliable company, it is allowed to pass through the canal and the bill is figured and presented to the company. If there is any doubt about the owners paying the tolls promptly, cash must be paid "on the spot." No pay, no pass.

We were all on deck as the Empress of France began to move from the coaling station out into the channel of the canal. I neglected to say that the canal is about fifty miles long, while in reality it is only forty miles across the Isthmus. The channel had to be dug to deep water at each end, which is some five miles at each end. After steaming about seven miles from the coaling station we came to the first lock of the Gatun Lock system.

Just below the lower lock gate we noticed a gigantic chain a little above the water. This chain will stop any ship—friend or enemy. The largest liner might strike this chain going at full speed but the chain would stop it before the gate is reached. By an ingenious device the chain will give out as the weight comes against it but will not break.

It was great to see the big gates open for us. They are gigantic affairs. They are sixty-five feet wide, about the same height and seven feet thick.

They weigh about five hundred tons each. The hinges on them alone weigh thirty-seven hundred pounds. The lower gates on the Pacific side are nearly twenty feet higher than these, made so because of the difference in the tides of the two oceans.

When these gates are entirely open, the big chain drops to the bottom. The gates cannot be closed without first raising this chain to the top. Eight electric motors, called electric mules, running on a cogged track, were made fast to the ship and we were pulled into the first lock chamber.

These lock chambers are one thousand feet long and one hundred and ten feet wide. After the gates behind us were closed the valves were opened and thousands of gallons of water boiled up from the bottom of the lock chamber. A great tunnel below, sixteen feet square, lets the water down from above. There are just one hundred holes, each eighteen inches in diameter, in the bottom of each lock chamber.

In about a dozen minutes the great ship was lifted twenty-eight feet and we were on the level with the water on the second lock chamber. The gates above were then opened and the "electric mules" towed our ship into the second lock chamber. The same process was repeated and we were then in the third lock chamber and on a level with the water in Gatun Lake, which is eighty-five feet above the level of the ocean.

As we were towed out of this third lock chamber into Gatun Lake we noticed a great steel affair that looks like a section of a great bridge. This is an emergency gate which can be turned and lowered

until it shuts off all the water from the entire lock system in case repairs must be made. All locks are made double so that ships can pass each other, even in the lock systems.

Our own engines were next started and we went at full speed twenty-four miles across Gatun Lake. As we entered the Great Culebra Cut the engines had to be slowed down and we went nearly nine miles through this cut at a very slow speed.

Emerging from this cut we entered the first lock on the Pacific side and were let down about thirty feet into Miraflores Lake. It is about one mile and a quarter across this lake and here by means of other locks we were let down to the level of the Pacific Ocean. Going about five miles farther the Empress of France slowly came up to the pier at Balboa.

As there are two cities at the Atlantic end—Christobal, the city of sunshine, and Colon, the city of moonshine—so there are two cities at the Pacific end—Balboa and New Panama City. Nearly two hundred automobiles were in waiting at the pier and soon we were being whirled through the streets of these cities.

We saw the new hospital in Panama City, the bathing beach, the bull ring, the race course, many of the churches and some of us had the privilege of going through a most wonderful private botanical garden. The streets, as a rule, were clean and almost full of children and the parks and plazas were real playgrounds. Some of these children were naked and all seemed to be having a good time.

An eight-mile drive over a splendidly paved highway brought us to the ruins of old Panama

City. Two hundred and fifty years ago this was a city containing twelve thousand houses, eight monasteries and several large cathedrals. But the Welch pirate, Sir Henry Morgan, destroyed the city. This man was both inhuman and unmerciful. His exploits were terrible. If you think the late war was the acme of inhumanity, read about Sir Henry Morgan. There is nothing left of Old Panama City but ruins. The roots of great trees are interlocked with the stones in the walls of buildings in these old ruins. Could these old walls speak, the whole civilized world would shudder.

Driving back to Balboa I spent some time in the great Administration Building on Balboa Heights. The paintings beneath the dome of this building are some of the greatest masterpieces on the American continent, allowing the writer of these lines to be the judge. To gaze upon them one almost lives over again the days when the great slides seemed to say to the engineers and workmen, "hands off."

The great hospital on Ancon Hill is a wonder. To visit it makes one prouder than ever that he is an American. It was a great treat that some of us enjoyed who got into one of the great club houses and saw the swimming contest that happened to be on at the time. Swimmers from New York, Denver and other places were present.

There comes an end to all good things, and at eight o'clock in the evening of January thirtieth we passed through the Gulf of Panama and out into the great Pacific. The weather had been hot around the canal but when we got into the doldrums at the southern end of the continent it was still hotter.

The three thousand two hundred and fifty miles from Panama to the Golden Gate was a long journey. While we were enduring the heat the Wireless News, a little paper published daily and placed on our plates at breakfast, told of the zero weather at home. Happily we missed the storms on the first fifty-five hundred miles of sea travel.

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JANUARY

No. 4

SHE DIDN'T NEED A MAN

We had a goodly number of maiden ladies on the world cruise. One of them was asked why she did not get married that she might have a man around. She replied, "I already have a stove that smokes, a dog that growls, a parrot that swears, and a cat that stays out late at night and what do I want with a man around?"

HE GOT THE TEXT WRONG

One of our young men who does not often attend church services dropped into Divine service one Sunday morning. Later on someone asked him if he could quote the text of the sermon. He said he was not sure about it but he thought it was that pas-

sage where it says, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

THE DEVILED HAM

Some people were discussing what became of the herd of swine mentioned in the Scriptures where the evil spirits went into them. One gentleman, no doubt thinking of a meal he had just had among the natives on the island, suggested that they were made into deviled ham.

LOT'S WIFE BEAT A MILE

Two men, Mr. Wood and Mr. Stone, saw a lady dressed in one of the new modern creations from Paris. Mr. Wood turned to Stone, Mr. Stone turned to Wood, and they both turned to rubber.



Photographs from Chamber of Commerce

UPPER—SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL

LOWER—VIEW BUSINESS DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO

CHAPTER V

AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

TO PASS through the Golden Gate is to enter the largest land locked harbor in the new world. The area of San Francisco Bay is four hundred and fifty square miles. It is sixty-four miles long and from four to ten miles wide.

Forty-eight steamship lines operate from here and send their ships to and from the seven seas. They have forty-one modern piers, fifteen miles of berthing space and one hundred and thirty-five acres of cargo space. They are now planning an additional warehouse that will provide a half million more square feet of space and it will cost two million dollars.

The Golden Gate is less than a mile wide. The channel is more than a half hundred feet deep and the current is very swift. Nearly thirty years ago the ship Rio de Janeiro, after a long voyage, was started through this gateway in the darkness, struck a rock on the right hand side, went down, and all on board except one man were lost. Had it not been for this man and a few pieces of wreckage upon which the name of the ship was printed, no one would have ever known what became of the great ocean liner.

To one who saw San Francisco immediately after the earthquake and fire of nineteen hundred and six the city of today might be called "A Miracle City." With hundreds of buildings only great piles of broken concrete and twisted iron girders, with water and gas mains broken, with one-third of the population collecting their insurance and

leaving the city, it actually looked like the city was doomed for generations.

After only seventeen years almost every trace of the great calamity has disappeared and the city is far greater than ever before. Its fifty banks have resources of a billion dollars and actual deposits of more than seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Its assessed value is five hundred millions and bonded indebtedness less than one-tenth of that amount.

This city has a twenty-million-dollar civic center in the heart of its business district, with an auditorium that seats twelve thousand people, a city hall that cost four million and a municipal library that cost one million and a half. It has five hundred miles of hard surfaced streets and boulevards. You can ride anywhere on its three hundred and fifty miles of street railway for five cents, sleep in any one of its twelve hundred and seventy hotels on a good bed and dine at any of its five hundred restaurants for less money than in New York.

If you lived there your children would be well taken care of in one of the city's one hundred and seven public schools and you could have your choice of two hundred and seventy-four churches to worship in on the Lord's Day. You could live in one of the thirty-four thousand one-family dwellings, one of the twenty-four thousand flats or in one of the two thousand apartment houses. You could go to work in one of the four thousand manufacturing plants in Greater San Francisco and help in producing one billion dollars' worth of goods every year.

Your son or daughter could be one of the eleven thousand regular students at Berkeley University across the bay, or be one of the sixteen thousand enrolled annually in the University Extension courses. You could have your choice between fifty-seven movie houses or seventy theaters, or if you wanted to see a football game you could go to the great Berkeley Stadium and sit with sixty thousand others and not be crowded. If there were five in your family and as well off as the average San Franciscoian you would have nearly four thousand in the savings bank and be worth more than fifteen thousand dollars.

On reaching this world city our eight hundred cruisers found enough Lincoln and Cadillac cars and limousines to take us on a thirty-mile drive. Of course we went through Chinatown, around Nob's Hill to the old Exposition grounds through the fifteen-hundred-acre Presidio Park and saw that San Francisco is the best fortified city on the American continent. Then along the ocean beach to the Golden Gate, thence to the Cliff House where the millionaires of the early days were wined and dined and watched the sea lions play.

Up and down the beautiful drives of the one thousand-acre Golden Gate Park where for thirty minutes we revelled in the beauty of acres of blooming flowers and shrubbery and eucalyptus trees. Then up and up nearly a thousand feet into the air to the top of Twin Peaks, where, for wonderful scenery, the sight is not surpassed at any spot on the earth, then down into the busy thoroughfares and for a mile on Market Street, which has been well named "The Street of Gold."

At the eight-million-dollar Palace Hotel, which

covers two acres of ground, we were assisted by courteous attendants into the beautiful Rose and Palm dining rooms where our company of eight hundred were shut off from the crowd.

After a sumptuous feast the Mayor turned over to us the keys of the city, the president of the Chamber of Commerce told us we could have what we wanted for the asking, and the Chief of Police assured us that the sky was the limit for all those on this world cruise. Our manager responded to these welcome addresses in a most fitting manner and for nearly two days we enjoyed the hospitality of this wonderful city of the Golden Gate.

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FEBRUARY

No. 5

YOU CAN'T BEAT KANSAS

A man from Texas and another from Kansas were discussing the merits of their home state. The Texan said, "Down in Texas we raise radishes so large that it takes a team to pull them." "That's nothing," said the man from Kansas, "I saw two policemen in my home city both sleeping on one beat."

REAL PHILOSOPHY

The lady had a pet rooster named Willie. Roosters came and roosters went but she would not eat Willie. She had been away from home and on her return Willie was missing and they told her of the minister's unexpected visit and their fear that Willie was accidentally chosen as a sacrifice for his comfort. She said of course mistakes would

happen and after all she was so much happier that Willie had entered the ministry than if had belonged to the laity.

COULD HE DO IT?

They point out one spot on the Potomac River where George Washington threw a silver dollar from one shore to the opposite shore. It seems an impossible feat until one remembers that a dollar went farther in those days than it does today.

THE SCUM AT THE TOP

Two men got into a quarrel over the aristocracy from which they sprang. One of them said, "I came from the best families in the country, from the top of the pot." "Sure," said the other, "the scum always rises to the top of the pot."



ENTRANCE TO LAVA TUBE AT MOUNT KILAUEA ON THE HAWAIIAN
ISLANDS

CHAPTER VI

THE GOLDEN GATE TO HILO—1900 MILES

IT IS nineteen hundred miles from San Francisco to Hilo. This little city is located on the largest island of the group called the Hawaiian Islands. This large island is about as large as the state of Connecticut and is called "Hawaii."

We had taken on nearly two thousand tons of coal at San Francisco and it proved to be of such a poor quality that we lost forty to fifty miles a day from our regular schedule and the radio was kept busy by our manager, who had to completely rearrange the program for our short stay in Hilo.

One elderly gentleman had passed away soon after leaving San Francisco and his friends had to be communicated with that the authorities might know what to do with the body. This was the second death since we left New York, the first having died at the hospital in Havana.

Our first sight of Hawaii was in the afternoon and at four o'clock we were entering Hilo Bay and the Empress of France was pulled up to the side of a pier. As the ship neared the pier it actually looked like the entire population of the city, twelve thousand people, had come to see us land. A fine string band was playing, many were singing and all seemed to be smiling and happy. As our cruisers went down the gang plank they were met by hundreds of smiling girls who welcomed them by placing a chain of red and yellow paper around the neck of each one.

Without apology I am going to turn this into a personal narrative for a few paragraphs. Being among the first to leave the ship I had not yet

stepped from the gang plank when a man came tearing through the crowd and took hold of my hand. It was a young man who lived in my own home for several years and only left it three years before. You can hardly imagine a happier surprise, for no member of my family knew that he had been married or that he had gone to the Hawaiian Islands.

This man's name is John Hirschler, and he had his car at hand. Before a hundred people had landed we were in the car headed for the Crater of Kilauea, which is the largest continuously active volcano in the world. The crater is thirty-one miles from Hilo and no one who has taken it can ever forget the drive to this spot.

One sees gigantic ferns, cocoanut and banana trees, shrubbery and flowers and about everything peculiar to the tropical jungle. At one moment it looked as though you were in the jungle far from civilization and the next moment you are passing a sugar plantation with the homes of the toilers in little villages and which are a wonderful sight.

Part of this drive is over a well-paved highway and part of it is over rough, stony ground. As we were very anxious to reach the crater before dark and as my friend had been over the road only a couple of days before and knew the road very well, we certainly broke all speed limits. Sometimes we would be in a real forest and almost in a moment this would change to a sugar or pineapple plantation.

As we neared the crater the darkness was coming on. The sulphuric fumes made me think of Dante's Inferno. The escaping steam from rocks

and fissures sometimes blinded us and made it impossible to see the rough roadway which was now over lava as hard as stone.

This old crater pit, which has been called "The House of Everlasting Fire," covers nearly three thousand acres of ground. The road to it has been called "The Road to Hades," and it surely is well named. This pit is encircled by abrupt bluffs which are five hundred feet high. In the bottom of the large pit is a still deeper abyss which covers some fifteen acres or more. This lower abyss always has in it molten lava and sometimes the whole thing is one vast lake of fire which is a boiling, bubbling, seething, crackling mass of fiery liquid—a real Lake of Fire.

On this particular occasion the crater was a disappointment. Some time before the bottom seemed to have dropped out and a lot of people prophesied that Kilauea was dead. This seeming inactivity was for but a very short time. Sometimes even a few hours make a great difference.

A year before the liquid lake was only sixty feet below the crater rim and by the middle of the summer it had gone down four hundred feet. At this particular time it was as low as the lowest. Of course as the story of "poor coal" had been the cry for a week it was quite natural to conclude that the imps working in this inferno had either gone out on a strike or had a supply of "poor coal."

To look down into the terrible abyss was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. I got down on my hands and knees while my friend held on to my feet, peeped over the almost perpendicular bluff and almost beneath was the mass of bubbling fire

boiling like a pot. But it was hundreds of feet down to it.

Only twenty-four hours after our party left the island the dispatches brought the news that Madam Pele, the Goddess of the Volcano, had received a supply of good coal and the crater was on a wild rampage, the molten lava even covering a part of the road we went over. The most common exclamation heard on the Empress of France was, "Why could not this have happened when we were there?"

Driving five miles through the forest along the very narrow, winding roadway we reached the Volcano Hotel just after the first contingent of the party from the ship had arrived. The eight hundred people had been divided into two parties, the first company having boarded automobiles at the pier and driving directly to this hotel for the evening dinner. The second company boarded a special train and had been taken in a roundabout way to Glenwood, which is nearly a dozen miles from the hotel. As the autos made the trip in much the shorter time they were sent from the hotel to the train, then to the hotel, after which those who had finished the meal were taken to the volcano and back to the train, the autos then returning to the hotel to pick up the second four hundred, take them to the crater and then back to the ship.

Our efficient manager had this all so well arranged that the eight hundred people were taken over this perilous journey without an accident of any kind, people eighty years of age making the trip. A few people had quite a thrill when they were left at the crater in the darkness long after the midnight hour. Fortunately, however, some-

one missed them and a car was sent back to pick them up. Some of the people did not get back to the ship until nearly four o'clock in the morning and all were tired but happy, for it was a wonderful experience.

Going back to my own experience, we drove from the hotel back to Hilo, where Mrs. Hirschler had a steaming hot dinner ready and while the entire company were making their perilous drive we were having a great time talking of the old days, and of course I was asking all kinds of questions about the people of Hawaii. The Japanese have more than one hundred thousand of the quarter of a million people of these islands and are increasing at a very rapid rate, these Japanese children being everywhere.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that there are eight of the larger islands that make up the Hawaiian group, this "big island" of Hawaii being larger than all the others together. The Hawaii National Park was set apart in nineteen hundred and sixteen by an Act of Congress but was not formally received and dedicated as such until July, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

There are two sections of this National Park on this large island. The Mauna Loa section, comprising seventeen thousand three hundred and eighty acres; the Kilauea Volcano section and Kau Desert (lava desert), comprising seventy-nine thousand two hundred and sixty-five acres, and a road connecting the two mountains comprising three hundred and sixty acres. Plans are already under way to build this roadway between the two volcanos, Mauna Loa and Kilauea.

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No. 6

He—Well, we're two days at sea and have to go two days more before we strike the island, but do you know that there's land within a mile and a half of us?

She—No, I do not. There's none in sight. Where is it?

He—Straight down.

ABOUT TO GO UP

Sambo was not feeling well and went to the doctor. His wife went with him but she waited at the bottom of the stairway. The doctor told Sambo that he was in a bad fix, that he had salivated glands, a torpid liver and was liable to drop off at any time. Sambo came down the stairway with his eyes bulging out and greatly excited saying to his wife, "Keep away from me woman. I have salvation in my glands, a torpedo in my liver and am liable to go up any time."

HAD LIVED WITH THE QUEEN

An old man by the name of Kimball had a terrible wife. He took sick and was so bad that the minister called. After lingering at the bedside several minutes he said, Mr. Kimball, are you afraid to meet the king of terrors?" "No," said the dying man, "Why should I be, I have lived with the queen for twenty years."

A NEGRO SONG

Some say that John the Baptist was nothing but a Jew,
But the Holy Bible tells us he was a preacher too.

Chorus
Been listening all the night long,
Been listening all the night long,
Been a listening all the night long,
To hear some sinner pray.



Photographs by McConnell

UPPER—MONKEY POD TREE IN HONOLULU

CENTER—ROYAL PALACE IN HONOLULU

LOWER—TEA HOUSE AND GARDEN IN HONOLULU

CHAPTER VII

HILO TO HONOLULU—200 MILES

IT IS about two hundred miles from Hilo to Honolulu. It is a wonderful trip. We sighted four of the islands before reaching Oahu, the island upon which Honolulu is located. They were Maui, Kahoolawe, Lanai and Molokai. This latter island is where the world famous Leper Colony is located, where Father Damon did such wonderful work. In making this journey we were on three bodies of water besides the Pacific, Alenuihaha Channel, Alalkeiki Channel and Aiuau Channel.

The journey from Hilo to Honolulu was made still more interesting to us by Mr. William Joseph Coelho, a member of the House of Representatives in the territory of Hawaii. He gave continuous lectures about the places we were passing all day long. He has a splendid voice and his lectures were not only very interesting but very practical as well.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the Empress of France neared Diamond Head and as we rounded the point and entered Pearl Harbor we had our first view of the City of Honolulu. A large tug boat was seen coming toward us with all speed. It had on board the famous Hawaiian Band, coming to escort us into the harbor.

When those thirty or forty men, dressed in spotless white, tipped their caps and raised their instruments in the sunlight and began to play, the heart of everyone on the ship was thrilled as never before by music. It seemed almost too wonderful to be real. It was almost impossible to keep back tears of joy and gratitude.

For two or three miles this tug steamed alongside of our ship and while this beautiful band music, interspersed with songs of soloists with the band, was wafted to us over the water, airplanes were buzzing around above bringing us a welcome through the air and dropping the latest daily papers on the decks of the ship.

When the great ship reached the dock the real climax came. Many thousands had come to see us land. The band was now on the dock and the sweet music, not only of this wonderful band, but augmented by hundreds of human voices and string bands rendering the soft, sweet Hawaiian harmonies made the hour a foretaste of heaven itself. Other peoples at other ports had excited our admiration but these Hawaiian people of Honolulu had won our hearts before we touched the soil of their beautiful island.

In a few minutes we were all in shining new Cadillacs and Packards enjoying the sights of this wonderful city. We went many miles through the beautiful drives and by this time the brilliantly lighted streets were wonderful to behold. Finally we were set down at the entrance of the Young Hotel. Elevators took us up to the Roof Garden where it had been arranged for the eight hundred and ten cruisers to have dinner together. At the close of the meal we were entertained for two hours by Hawaiian music, moving pictures and Hula dancers, all without our having to leave the tables.

The people of Honolulu vied with each other in trying to do honor to the largest company of world travelers that ever entered their city. An entire

day was spent driving over the Island of Oahu upon which this capital city of the group of islands is located.

The city of Honolulu is a wonderful city containing about ninety thousand people. Its beautiful drives and boulevards, its stately and substantial business houses and public buildings, its magnificent hotels and pleasure resorts, its matchless beaches and bathing places, its wonderful palms, shrubbery and flowers, its cocoanut, banana, hai and banyan trees, its splendid street car system and almost spotless streets, all make it delightfully interesting and the best of it is that almost every important spot is within easy reach.

At the great Bishop Museum I got to see the world-famous feather work of the Hawaiian people. The robe of one of the famous kings of the old days is said to be worth a million dollars. It is made of "Mamo" feathers which took a hundred years to secure and which all but cost the extinction of this wonderful bird. There are enough wonders in this museum alone to keep one for weeks if he is interested in the races and relics of other days.

The drive up the mountainside to the famous Pali and the view over the precipice nearly fifteen hundred feet down upon the fields of pineapple and sugar cane lingers in one's memory like a pleasant dream. But when one remembers that at this very spot a king with his army made their last stand and were finally driven over the precipice to their death it almost turns the pleasant dream into a horrible nightmare.

While not the largest by any means, yet the

aquarium in Honolulu is one of the most interesting of its kind in all the world. You can hardly believe that some of the highly colored fish are real, but there they are swimming in the water before your eyes. I have visited the noted aquariums in New York, Naples and a dozen others in the world's great cities, but I never before imagined that such beautifully colored fish were in any sea or ocean. The small octopus with its squirming, snakelike tenacles made one realize that in the great Pacific there are other creatures than beautiful, harmless fish.

I can only mention Waikiki beach with its magnificent hotel where our party had luncheon, the wonderful parks and club houses, the Iolani Palace where Queen Lil held forth and which is now the capitol building, the Kawaiahao church which is said to be built entirely of coral in the early days, the Royal Mausoleum and a dozen other noted places.

There are twenty islands in the Hawaiian group, but only nine of them are inhabited. Besides those mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, the one called Kauai should be mentioned, for many think it is the most charming island in the entire group. It is called "The Garden Isle." All of the islands together have an area of six thousand four hundred and forty-nine square miles. Out of the more than a quarter of a million inhabitants only twenty-two thousand of them are pure Hawaiians, which really means that the Hawaiians are a vanishing race.

The chief product of the islands is sugar cane. Last year (1922) five hundred and forty tons of

raw sugar were produced and the year previous ninety-three million dollars worth of this product was shipped to the United States. Pineapples come next to sugar and last year five million cases of canned pineapples were packed in the Hawaiian canneries. There are twelve great pineapple plantations on the islands, a single one of which has ten thousand acres in this product and on which about eight thousand people are employed.

They claim that anything that will grow on earth will grow in the Hawaiian Islands. The soil is fertile and the climate almost ideal. A friend told me that about two weeks before he pulled a leaf from a tree and stuck it into the ground and it had taken root and was growing. No wonder these islands are called "An Earthly Paradise."

None of us will ever forget our short stay on these islands. I like these people very much. Their welcome was so whole-souled and hearty, their demeanor toward us so cordial, their music so soft and sweet, their smiles so abundant, their handshakes so hearty, their good wishes so manifest, their parting benediction so longing, so hopeful, so pathetic that many of the cruisers declared their intention of paying them another visit in the near future.

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FEBRUARY

No. 7

**THE HOLE ON THE
EQUATOR**

A lady had spoiled a perfectly good pair of shoes walking over the lava beds of Mount Kiluaea. She spoke of it to another lady thus, "But it was worth it. I saw the hole on the equator."

NOTHING TO DO

On a great ship one has nothing to do but do nothing and be comfortable.

A NEW CHEF

One man declared that the food was good for it was being furnished by Deity, but he further declared that it was cooked by the devil.

SELL YOUR HAMMER

Sell your hammer and buy a horn. Quit knocking and go to tooting. Even a mule cannot work while he is kicking, neither can he kick while he is working.

GEOGRAPHY BAD

Two ladies among the cruisers were talking about the geography of various countries. One of them asked, "Isn't the Mediterranean Sea connected with the Gulf of Saint Lawrence?" "Oh, my goodness no," said the other, "they are not connected at all." "Well, then what's between them?" asked the first lady.

"A SONG TO HAWAII"

By Mr. D. D. Redding

The wind from over the sea,

Sings sweetly Aloha to me;
The waves as they fall on the sand,

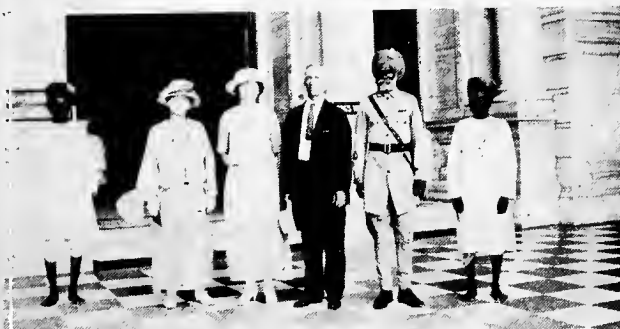
Say Aloha, and bid me to land.

The myriad flowers in bloom

Waft Aloha in every perfume;

I read in each lovelit eye,
Aloha, Aloha Nui oe.

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race.



Photographs by Mr. Hunnifield and Mr. Lyman

UPPER—PITTSBURGH BUSINESS MEN, STEVENSON, AHLBORN, GILL,
MILLER, MARKELL, BARBOUR AND SIMONTON
CENTER—MISS NORTHRUP, MRS. BEACH AND MR. HUMUFIELD
LOWER—MR. AND MRS. LATHAM, MRS. D. JASPER SIMS

CHAPTER VIII

HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA—3,400 MILES

THE journey from Honolulu to Yokohama was the longest lap on the entire world cruise. It took the Empress of France almost ten days to cover the distance. Because of bad coal and two days' storm we lost nearly one hundred miles a day, that is from our scheduled run.

Of course the time passed rapidly. There was something doing in at least one of the nine public rooms on the ship both day and night. The largest fraternity was the Masonic, there being one hundred and thirty-seven members on board. On Lincoln's birthday the members of this fraternity enjoyed a splendid meeting with a great address by one of our most prominent men. The only guests were the wives of the members traveling with their husbands on the cruise.

We had the laugh on the doctors. At their meeting only about half their number were able to attend the meeting to pay their respects to old Neptune. On account of the storm some of them had six meals on that day, that is three down and three up. Washington's birthday was also celebrated with due ceremonies, several most excellent addresses being given.

An interesting experience was the losing of a day. Tuesday, February 21st, was dropped from the calendar. It seemed odd to go to bed Monday evening, sleep ten hours, and get up Wednesday morning. Each day while traveling westward we have to turn our watches back from thirty to forty minutes. By the time we get back to New

York our watches will have been turned back just twenty-four hours, so in reality a day is gained.

By an international agreement when a ship crosses the one hundred and eightieth meridian, if it is traveling westward, a day is dropped from the calendar. Of course Mark Twain was correct when he said the lost day is picked up by the next ship passing eastward, for the salt water preserves it. If we were traveling eastward we would have to add a day instead of dropping one.

The laugh was on several leaders of clubs who had posted announcements for meetings on the "lost" day. As noted elsewhere, there were Woman's clubs, University clubs, Travel clubs, Camera clubs, Dancing clubs, lectures, readings, entertainments, stunt nights, card parties and a little of everything going on. While there were cliques and circles, yet in the main we were all like a great, jolly family.

A couple of nights before reaching Yokohama thieves created some consternation on board ship. Several state rooms were entered and both money and valuables taken. One lady had three hundred dollars stolen. Another lady was awakened about four o'clock in the morning by a man in her room. She screamed for dear life and the thief got away. She declared that she screamed for half an hour before anyone came to her rescue.

The next day an indignation meeting was held and the captain, purser and chief of police called in. The lady who had screamed so long for help and several others told their experiences. It surely was an interesting meeting. The officials were asked to speak. They told how the ship was po-

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liced at night. There were twelve watchmen. By pressing keys in different parts of the ship every ten minutes these men recorded their whereabouts all during the night. It developed that the robbery in the room where the lady screamed so long for help must have occurred just after the watchman had pressed the key in the corridor near, so that her half hour could not have been more than eight or nine minutes.

The face of the robber was photographed upon the woman's brain, she declared, and she was certain that it was no man among the passengers or stewards. The captain and chief of police and the ship's detectives had already gone through every room on the ship and declared that if the woman felt she could identify the thief every man on board would be summoned before her. They also declared that the watch would be doubled and no stone would be left unturned in their effort to find the assailant. The matter was finally left to a secret conference between the officials and those robbed and after an exciting time the meeting was adjourned.

As we neared Yokohama several messages were received by our manager from the Chamber of Commerce. As this was by far the largest company of cruisers ever visiting the Orient at one time, the Japanese were already showing their interest and said chamber was planning a reception and musical entertainment for us. But old Neptune went on a rampage and spoiled it all, for at the last we were ten hours behind the scheduled time.

It was a tremendous job to change all the plans for more than eight hundred people. The wireless

was kept hot. Special trains had been arranged for, hotel accommodations for certain dates had to be cancelled. Amidst all this our manager was as cool as a cucumber. Twenty-five years' experience in chartering ships and handling large parties of travelers has enabled this man to overcome all obstacles and find a way out of every difficulty, as the following days demonstrated to all.

It was evening when the great ship dropped her anchors in the harbor at Yokohama. By this time the whole program had been completely changed and rearranged. To save complications practically the entire program was placed one day later. Two days had been allotted to Nagasaki, as the ship must be coaled at that place. It was found that it would be possible to do this work in one day, and this not being a large city, one day could be taken from our sightseeing here.

At the very beginning we saw the pride of the Japanese officials. The stairway was not lowered for them and they had to climb up the rope ladders. It seemed they were peeved at this and delays began for which they were responsible. The Chamber of Commerce men as well as the newspaper reporters either would not attempt to climb or were not allowed to do so and they did not get on the ship until she was up to the dock.

When the gang plank was ready the passengers crowded it so much that the newspaper men could not get on board. Evidently the officers in charge were not favoring them very much and they did not like such treatment very well. However, the hustling Chamber of Commerce representatives were at the foot of the gangway and

presented each cruiser with a beautiful medal and a free pass on the street railway during the stay in Yokohama.

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

FEBRUARY

No. 8

ONLY BY A CLOSE SHAVE

Little Girl—"Mamma, do men go to heaven? I never saw a picture of an angel with a beard."

Mamma—"O, they only get in by a close shave."

GIVE THE DEAD MAN AIR

A man fell out of a window from an upper room. A crowd quickly gathered in which was an Irishman who said excitedly, "Stand back people and give the dead man air."

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S STORY

Missouri mules make one think of the Irishman General Sheridan laughed so much about. The mule upon which Pat was riding got to kicking very hard and finally got its foot into the stirrup when the excited Irishman said, "Well, mule, if you are going to get on, I'll get off."

NOT DAMAGES BUT SAT- ISFACTION

"You claim, Mrs. Kelly," said the judge, "that Mrs. O'Toolihan gave you that blackened and bruised face?"

"She did, yer honor, in-dade she did, or I'm not Irish born."

"And what you want is damages, Mrs. Kelly?"

"It is damages yez says, yer honor? Damages! No, bad luck to the O'Toolihan, I have dam-ages enough. I wants sat-is-fact-ion, be-gorry!"

EVADING MILITARY SERVICE

Men are evading military service in Japan. In military academies where formerly five thousand young men were striving to get in, the number last year was but one hundred and ten. The army is becoming unpopular and militarism discredited.

CHRISTIANITY GROWING IN JAPAN

During the past ten years Christianity in Japan has grown faster than the population. Fifty years ago there were but ten missionaries in Japan, now there are about three thousand. There are twenty-six hundred Sunday schools in which are enrolled one hundred and sixty thousand.



Photographs by Mr. Lyman

UPPER LEFT—A STREET IN OLD TOKYO

UPPER RIGHT—A PAGODA IN TOKYO

LOWER—A STREET IN OSAKA

CHAPTER IX

YOKOHAMA, KAMAKURA AND TOKYO

OUR company of eight hundred people had been divided into four divisions and each person given printed instructions as to just what to do. The first and only hitch occurred at the very first. Half the party were to breakfast first and board a special train at the side of the ship on the dock for Tokyo at 8:30. Right on the dot this train pulled out and as a result about twenty people were left. This upset plans just a little, but our manager sent them on a special electric car in a short time. This was a warning for people to be on time.

The four hundred remaining were divided into two parties, half being sent to Kamakura (about fifteen miles from Yokohama) by auto and the other half in rickshas to see the sights of Yokohama. All had been warned to dress in winter clothing, as the weather was cold. The drive to Yokohama gave us the first glimpse of both city and country life.

Yokohama is a city containing a half million people, and to motor through its narrow streets was a real revelation to all who had never been in an oriental city before. The one thing that stands out above all others as a first impression is the vast multitude of children, especially babies. Japan has rightly been called, "A Paradise of Children." Nearly every woman in Japan has a baby and if it is not on her back it is on the back of her child. Generally there are two or three babies for every family. One of our ladies remarked

that she saw more babies during this first half day in Japan than she ever saw before in all her life.

Japanese houses have no fire in them and how the people live through the cold weather is a mystery. We were all bundled up in winter clothing and still shivering, and here were hundreds of babies with heads uncovered and often their little legs and feet were bare. Down by the sea were women, often with babies on their backs, out in the cold water up to their knees gathering shell fish and the offal of the sea from the bottom. Many people almost live on what they gather from the shallow water along the coast.

The sun was shining brightly and hundreds of men, women and children were outside of their little, flimsy houses like a lot of chickens in the sun. As we drove from the city into the country we had the first glimpse of the little rice fields or paddies and the gardens of the farmers. A farm in Japan is only a garden. Where it can be irrigated it is generally planted to rice.

These gardeners were busy at something. Some of them were using fertilizer made from human waste into liquid form, getting the soil saturated with it ready for planting when the warm weather came. You can smell these workmen for a long distance. Others were working with rice straw and still others getting their gardens ready for irrigation.

Along the highways went a continuous procession of carts, sometimes pulled by an ox or cow or horse, but generally by men and boys. Occasionally women were hitched to these, but not often. While there are twenty-five regular daily trains

from Yokohama to Kamakura, yet I was glad we were going by auto, for it enabled us to get a close up view of the people and their homes as they live in the country.

At Kamakura the chief sight is the Dia Butsa which has been called the most magnificent idol in the world. It is a great bronze statue of Buddha about fifty feet high. Some call it majestic. Anyway, it is wonderful when you consider the peaceful expression on the face. The eyes are said to be of pure gold. Of course all had to climb up into the interior of the gigantic idol to get a good look inside. The great head is ninety-seven feet in circumference.

This huge idol was cast nearly seven hundred years ago. At that time it was inside a great temple that was more than a hundred feet square. But a great tidal wave in 1495 swept the temple away, leaving the bronze image standing. The priests certainly did a land office business selling their wares, as most everyone wanted an image or photo or at least a cane and some post cards. Going back to Yokohama along the seashore route it was almost like passing through a continuous village.

All had luncheon at the Grand Hotel. This is the finest hostelry in the city and being located on the seashore the view from it is wonderful, to say the least. The entire afternoon was spent in rickshas about the city and when we came back to sleep in our staterooms on the ship all were tired, but happy.

The next morning our part of the company went to Tokyo by special train and for four days the writer visited with friends and took in the sights

of the city. Our manager provided rickshas daily and it surely was a great sight to see four hundred—our half of the party—being pulled through the streets of the city at one time. These rubber tired carts are pleasant to ride in, but it is hard to keep from thinking of the man who is doing the work of a horse for you.

We were all invited into what is said to be the finest private residence in Tokyo, in fact the finest in all Japan. This residence cost three million dollars and was built without the use of a single iron nail. The owner was for years president of one of the largest steamship companies in Japan and in the first room as we entered was a miniature steamship.

As the Japanese always take off their shoes before entering a building, large slippers were provided which the courteous servants slipped on over our shoes so we would not mar the matting or soil the wonderful rugs. We were served with cakes and tea and each given some candy and a beautiful souvenir booklet. The daughters and granddaughters of the magnate honored us by serving the tea with their own hands, and from time to time the owner himself honored the people with his presence. He does not live in the mansion, but resides in a modest Japanese house in the yard.

The greatest sight in Tokyo is not its palaces, or fine buildings, of which there are many, nor even its noted shrines and temples, of which there are hundreds. Some of these are simply marvelous, especially the temple and tomb of the second Shogun which has been opened to the pub-

lic since my visit to Japan ten years ago. The most wonderful sights are the people themselves, of which there are nearly three million.

Even the published census does not include the entire population, for thousands of illegitimate children are not enumerated and do not officially exist, so I was told by a missionary. He informed me that an illegitimate child cannot go to the public schools, so all the statistics about such a small per-cent of the people being illiterate are misleading. No child can attend the public school until its birth is recorded and hundreds of these are never registered at all.

People are not legally married until the marriage is registered by the government. Many men oppose the registration and put it off until they have lived with the woman for months, if she is not satisfactory the marriage is declared off by the man and she has no redress. The result is that she cannot go back home and is practically an out-cast and will marry any man she can get.

There is but little love in a Japanese marriage at best. A woman never expects to love anybody but her own children and it is not honorable for her to let that fact be known. Japanese neither love nor kiss each other as we do. There is practically no ceremony at a wedding and the bride is dressed like a corpse, thus showing that she is dead to all except her own husband and family.

A woman's most earnest prayer is for a kind mother-in-law, for often this personage takes all her pent-up feeling and ill-humor out on her son's wife. Wifehood practically means slavery and child-bearing in Japan. Yet there are no old

maids, for it is more honorable for a woman to sell herself for ill fame purposes and give the money to her parents than to live unmarried and at their expense.

Neither has a woman any rights to speak of in Japanese law. She cannot transfer real estate and cannot even accept a gift without her husband's consent. Her lot through life is obedience. Before marriage, obedience to her parents; after marriage, obedience to her husband; if a widow, obedience to her eldest son.

A husband can take a concubine into his home and his wife has to stand for it; he can divorce his wife for adultery, or for talking too much, but she cannot bring action against him for like reasons. But a new day is dawning for women in Japan. She is not only beginning to assert herself, but her power is already being reckoned with. There are today more than a score of recognized women's magazines in Japan and no power on earth can keep her down much longer.

But I want to tell of a man in whose home I visited and who is doing a wonderful work in Tokyo. His name is W. D. Cunningham, and he lives in a portion of the city called Yotsuya. Twenty-one years ago, with his young wife, he came to Tokyo unknown and without any financial backing whatever, but with a determination to help these Japanese people. After getting located in a very small house, being a good English teacher he started out to get a job.

Fortunately the very first day he secured a position as teacher of English in a school. He also secured a like position in a night school. He took

from America with him a small printing outfit and in a couple of months he got out a little paper called "The Tokyo Christian." This he sent to his friends back in America. In a very short time he learned enough of the Japanese language to get together a small Sunday school class and tried to teach these boys and girls the Bible.

In about one year he was offered a position in the Nobles College. He also began giving lessons in English to private noblemen and others. Being gentlemen they could not pay him for this outright, but they could and did send him presents, which really amounted to more than a salary. In the meantime his friends began to send him small sums of money. Before one year he had made one convert to Christianity and had a little band of interested people which he taught both on Sunday and through the week when possible.

As good English teachers were very scarce, the manager of a phonograph company conceived the idea of making English lessons on records and selling them to the government schools. This company paid Mr. Cunningham six dollars an hour for making these records and thousands of them are being used in Japan today. With the money earned in this way this man built a home which is near the Emperor's Palace. On the lot next to this home is the first church Mr. Cunningham built and it is the nearest building to the Palace.

During these twenty-one years this man has made more than eight hundred and fifty converts, about one hundred of whom are now in some kind of missionary work in the Orient. He has six churches and eight outstations. I attended the

Sunday morning services in one of these churches and the entire program from beginning to end was very impressive.

This church is entirely self-supporting and the offering that Sunday morning was more than thirty-three dollars, which is no small sum in Japan when given entirely by the working people. The Tokyo Christian has been kept up during these years and the circulation is now ten thousand. Those who send money for this work are called "rope-holders" and there are now quite a large number of them. This shows what it is possible for a man and his wife to accomplish in a great foreign city if they refuse to be baffled by any obstacles.

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FEBRUARY

No. 9

LET IT HANG

A lady who was so ill that she could hardly move around saw another lady whose petticoat was hanging below her dress and finally succeeded in getting to her and told her about it. She turned upon her informer and with not a little animation said, "Well, it's my petticoat, and I don't care if it does hang."

A BOAT OF THEIR OWN

An Englishman was boasting to a Scotchman of his ancestry and said his family could trace their lineage back to the days of Noah and the ark. To this

the Scotchman replied disdainfully, "O, mon, that's nothing, our family had a boat of their own."

INDELIBLE

A sparrow swings on a bamboo tree
And flies away;
Once love perches in my heart,
'Tis there for aye.

The wind and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.

It often requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.



Photographs by Miss Wilson and Mr. Lyman

UPPER—A JAPANESE DRAYMAN
 CENTER—JAPANESE LADIES SHOPPING
 LOWER—A FARM HOME IN JAPAN

CHAPTER X

TOKYO A LITTLE WORLD

THE city of Tokyo is a little world in itself. It is one of the great cities of the world. Greater Tokyo has a population of 3,354,000, which is much larger than the city of Chicago and which makes it the third largest city on the globe. However, the city of Tokyo proper contains 2,173,200 people. In order that the readers of this book may know something about this great Japanese capital city I am going to give some reliable facts in detail concerning it.

It is about forty miles around the city and the Sumida river runs through it. There are sixty-eight branches of it in the city, some natural and some canals, so it boasts of having sixty-eight rivers. These streams form a network of canals all through the city and thus, like Venice, many of its streets are water.

On these streams there are multiplied thousands of small boats, tugs and barges. The garbage of the city is brought to forty stations along these streams and two hundred and fifty boats and tugs are in use constantly, hauling it into the country where most of it is used for fertilizer. Eight hundred and fifty people are employed by the city in this work.

There are forty police stations and it takes five thousand two hundred and forty-five policemen to keep the city orderly. By the way, the Japanese people never fight with their fists. They sometimes push each other, but a friend who has lived in the city for twenty-one years told me that he

had never seen or heard of them having a fight with their fists.

When a policeman arrests a man, instead of placing handcuffs on him, he simply ties a string around his hands that could easily be broken. I saw five policemen taking thirty or forty prisoners through the streets and they simply had them tied together with a small rope.

Breaking away from a policeman is one of the greatest of all crimes. It is said that the Japanese wrestlers have a certain hold that if they get their opponent by it they can break a bone in his body and thus disable him. I was told that the policemen are all trained in this and are so quick that should a man attempt to break away he is liable to have a broken bone before he knows it.

Tokyo has two thousand two hundred and forty-four firemen, fifty fire trucks and eighteen miles of hose. As the water system is not adequate the peril of fire is a great menace to the city all the time. The sewer system is also very inadequate, but great plans are under consideration for both water works and sewer system.

There are forty-six railway stations in Tokyo and several of them have large, modern buildings. The steam and electric railways brought sixty-six and one-half million passengers into the city and took as many out the last year that I have the record at hand. That was three years ago and no doubt the traffic has greatly increased since that date. The Ueno Railway Station covers seven acres of ground. The main building is more than eleven hundred feet long and averages more than one hundred feet wide. The eaves are fifty-

four feet from the ground and the dome is one hundred and twenty-four feet from the sidewalk.

There are one hundred and seventy-seven miles of street railway in the city and already they are working on a great subway system. This would have been done long ago but for earthquakes. For twenty years there have been an average of fourteen hundred earthquakes every year recorded in Japan and an annual average of ninety of them have been felt in Tokyo. I understand that a mile or two of the subway will be completed and then the work will stop for a year or two to note the effect of the earthquakes on the tunnels.

The whole city is full of bicycles, there being just about one hundred thousand of them in use. The riders dart in and out and go like the wind, but hardly ever have an accident. The records show that there are seventeen thousand two hundred and seventy jinrikshas in the city, but they are decreasing in number every year. There were just about double this number of rikshas in the city twenty years ago, but as street cars, motor busses, bicycles and other methods of transportation increase these "pull-man" cars decrease.

There are three hundred banks in the city, besides two hundred and forty-nine post offices that have savings banks. There are four great public markets that do a five million dollar business annually and there are thirty-two smaller public markets. The city has two cafeterias that serve about six thousand people daily, furnishing a substantial meal at a very small cost.

Besides all government industries there are

fifty-six hundred and seventy-two factories in the city and they have hundreds of thousands of employes. Last year ninety thousand people lost their jobs, but I understand that a large share of these were government employes. The city has recently taken over all electric light plants and at present there are only about two and a half million lights in the city all told. There are five large gas plants.

There are fifty thousand deaths in the city annually and about seven thousand of these are caused by consumption. The hospitals of the city cover an area of one hundred and forty acres—buildings and grounds—and there are eleven hundred and sixty-five doctors in them. There are sixty-one asylums and sanatoriums for relief work and forty dispensaries besides where medicine can be secured. Some of these dispensaries also have beds for the sick. There are five leper establishments. By the way, there are twenty-four thousand known lepers in Japan and all the establishments together will only accommodate five per cent of them.

There are two hundred and sixty-one pawnshops in the city and their business last year amounted to about nineteen million dollars. There are six hundred and forty-nine employment agencies and one hundred and forty-five places where parents can leave their children during the day while they work.

There are nine hundred and sixty-nine public baths. While in most of these men and women enter the bath together, yet I am told that it is becoming customary to draw a curtain between the

sexes when they enter the inner rooms. Many of the public toilets have no partition between men and women.

There are one hundred and fifty-two acres in the cemeteries of the city and these are about filled and the city has almost ready for use a cemetery that covers two hundred and forty-eight acres. There are five great crematories around the city and were they all together they would cover eight acres of ground. The cremation of bodies is not only encouraged, but laws are being passed compelling it when possible.

There are forty-nine daily papers in Tokyo and the list of magazines number six hundred and forty-four, twenty of which are women's magazines. There are eleven hundred and seventy-six Buddhist temples, two hundred and thirty-five Shinto shrines and one hundred and thirteen Christian churches in the city. The great Imperial University has four hundred and fifty-nine professors and forty-nine hundred and four students. There are seven private universities in the city.

Besides the above there are thirty-four colleges, ten military schools, two normal schools for teachers in the middle schools, fifty-seven schools for girls, thirty-eight middle schools for boys and two hundred and eighty-one elementary schools all told. The Imperial Library has in it three hundred and thirty-five thousand volumes and there are twenty-one other public libraries in the city.

I visited one section of the city where there are at least a half hundred book stores, so I know these people are great readers. There are three

hundred and fifty-four acres in the public parks, museums galore, a zoo, a botanical garden, twenty large theaters, sixty-four moving picture houses and eighty-four other places of amusement listed.

The yoshewara covers many blocks in the heart of the city and it is said that there are thirty-five hundred women of ill fame in this place alone. The revenue from this place of segregated vice collected by the city is enormous. Many other interesting facts could be given about this great Japanese city, but these are sufficient to give an idea of it. The assistant mayor is a splendid Christian gentleman and many of the above facts were given to the writer by him and the Chamber of Commerce.

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MARCH

No. 10

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED

Thirty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came in from the farm to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispen-

sary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I

would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep

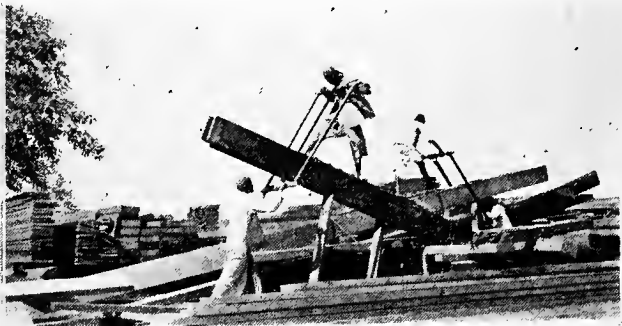
sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

A GREAT PREMIER

It is said that Baron Kato became premier of Japan with the understanding that twenty million dollars be sliced from the military appropriation, that Japanese troops be taken from China, Siberia be evacuated, Port Arthur be abandoned and that twelve thousand officers and men be taken from the navy list.



DIA BUTSA, BRONZE STATUE AT KAMAKURA, CALLED THE MOST MAGNIFICENT IDOL IN THE WORLD



UPPER—A CHINESE SAWMILL
 CENTER—A SEDAN CHAIR
 LOWER—CHINESE GIRLS CARRYING STONE

CHAPTER XI

TOKYO TO OSAKA—394 MILES

PERHAPS the most noted place in Japan to visit is Nikko from the standpoint of tombs and temples. The most powerful of all Japanese dynasties resolved to have the noblest burial place on earth and went to Nikko, says someone. Here also are the greatest temples and shrines in Japan.

Unfortunately, however, during our visit the weather was quite cold and there was some snow in Nikko, so it was disagreeable, but in spite of this many were heard to say, "This is the best yet." In Tokyo the thermometer sometimes goes to six or seven below zero.

About half of our company went overland by train to Nara, Kyoto, Osaka and Kobe, while the other half went back to Yokohama and went to Kobe by ship and then up to Osaka and Kyoto. As I had traveled overland while in Japan before, it was natural to go this time by ship. It took about twenty-four hours and the journey was made without excitement or accident. Leaving Yokohama we were soon out of Tokyo Bay into the Sagami Sea, then through the Totomi Sea into the Atlantic and then up through the Kii channel to Kobe.

During this journey all had an excellent opportunity to look at Mount Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan. Perhaps no mountain on earth has ever been held more sacred to any people than this one has to the Japanese. It appears in nearly every Japanese picture and its mention always brings smiles to a Japanese face.

This mountain is more than twelve thousand feet high. The first four thousand feet is a regular garden, the next four thousand is covered with grass, shrubbery and trees, the third four thousand is lava and rock, while at the top it is almost perpetually covered with snow.

So far since landing in Japan we had hardly been out of sight of this sacred mountain. Long before reaching Yokohama its snow white peak could hardly be distinguished from the clouds. From Tokyo this majestic mountain stands out like it was almost guarding the city. No wonder the Japanese love it and their admiration of it really amounts to worship.

As we landed at Kobe we entered what is said to be the most important seaport of Japan. It is a city containing more than a half million people. It is one of the greatest shipping points of the Far East and usually its harbor is filled with ships from all parts of the world. The great CROSS and ANCHOR of green that horticulturists have grown on the top of the mountain back of the city are wonderful to behold.

Kobe is a city with many modern buildings, a good street car system and nearly everything that goes to make an up-to-date city. But when you get into the narrow streets and see the multiplied thousands of people huddled together you are reminded again that you are visiting a different world. From the splendid Y. M. C. A. building roof garden I had a view of the city from mountain-top to the sea that will remain a pleasant memory for a long time.

Almost our entire party enjoyed a visit to the

beautiful home and gardens of what is said to be the richest man in Japan. It is located on the side of the mountain and the beautiful park and gardens cover many acres of ground. This is said to be one of the ten mansions belonging to this rich baron. He practically owns the great dock system of the city and has immense shipping industries.

It is less than an hour's ride by train to Osaka, the Pittsburgh of Japan. This is the second city in size of the Empire and contains one million three hundred thousand people. Its great daily papers have enormous circulations and its magnificent buildings along the main thoroughfares make you think of an American city. Its street car system is one of the best found in the Far East and its busy shops are filled with people.

Osaka is by far the most important manufacturing center in Japan, perhaps in the Far East. Here are immense factories of all kinds and multiplied thousands of men and women working at lightning speed. As our company rode through the streets in rikshas the procession was more than a mile in length and the smiles that greeted us everywhere showed that the people are, seemingly at least, contented, industrious and happy.

One of the sights of the city was a visit to the mint. This is the only mint in Japan and in it are made bushels of money. I have visited the mints of a half dozen countries and from all I could see this one is as up-to-date as any of them. Perhaps the mints of our own country and the Royal Mint in London are a little better kept up, but the machinery in this Japanese mint seems to be as modern as any.

Perhaps the greatest sight in Osaka is the old castle which is one of the most famous forts in Japan. It is surrounded by a great moat and one is simply amazed at the amount of toil it took to build the walls. The gigantic stones, some of which are as large as a house, were put together without mortar, and remembering that they were placed there by the strength of human beings nearly four hundred years ago, one is almost awe-stricken as he gazes upon them.

The entire city of Osaka is a network of canals and these are full of little boats hurrying every which way. Many bridges span these canals and heavily laden carts and wagons, many of which are pulled by human beings, makes one feel that even yet these people have a hard lot in life. It was my pleasure to speak to two hundred and fifty young men in a night school and they were as quick and bright as any young men you ever saw.

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MARCH

No. 11

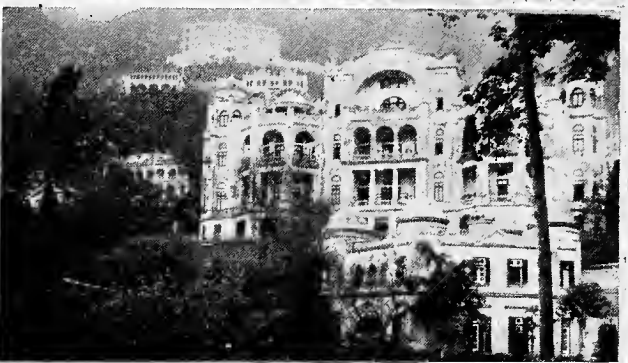
DESCENDANTS FROM ONE BAD WOMAN

A university professor traced the evil and expense to the Government of one bad woman and the descendants from her family for seventy-five years.

There were 834 of them altogether. Two hundred and six of them had to be

supported by charity, seventy-six of them were convicts in prisons, seven of whom were murderers.

One hundred and eighty-one of the women lived disreputable lives. The cost in trials, almshouses and other expense to the Government for the seventy-five years was \$1,250,000. (Concluded in next issue)



Photographs by Mr. Lyman and Mr. Smith

UPPER—THE GATE TO A TEMPLE

CENTER—CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN AT THEIR DAILY TOIL

LOWER—FINE HOMES ON THE ISLAND OF HONGKONG

CHAPTER XII

KYOTO TO HONG KONG—1,460 MILES

AN HOUR from Osaka by train brings one to Kyoto, the old capital city of Japan. This city contains a half million people. Here are three Japanese cities so near together that they are practically one great city with nearly two and one-half million people. In Kyoto the streets are wider than the streets of any oriental city I know. Although it is very interesting, only a few paragraphs can be given to it.

Here I saw some of the most interesting sights in Japan. One of these in which I was especially interested was the making of silk embroidery. This is made by men only, women not being able to do the finest work. Some of these pieces of work, not more than two feet square, represent the toil of one of these expert workmen for a whole year. I saw one piece of work upon which many men toiled continually for six years. It took twenty days to finish the work on a single square inch. This piece of work is almost priceless.

The silk thread used for this work is so fine that it can hardly be seen with the naked eye. The colors are so delicate that when the work is finished it looks for the world like it was done with a brush and paint. Hour after hour these men ply the needle with lightning speed and both needle and thread are so fine that you can hardly see them at all. One large piece of work, framed and sitting near the floor, representing a wild tiger, was so natural and lifelike that many people were actually startled when they first saw it.

Another interesting sight was the damascene work. Men take little cases made of steel, make hundreds of little grooves on them so fine you can hardly see them, pound into these gold and silver threads, taking millions of taps from the smallest imaginable hammers, and then sort of bronze this over. Every one of these genuine cigarette cases, or whatever they are, represents not only the toil for days perhaps, but a portion of the eyesight of some man as well.

In Kyoto we visited what is said to be the largest temple in Japan. The gold plate and workmanship of this temple almost staggers the human brain. I visited this temple ten years before, and strange as it may seem, it was more interesting this time than ever.

By far the most interesting sight in this temple are the four great piles of large cable made from human hair. The glory of the women of Japan is their jet black hair. No woman ever covers it with any kind of a hat and Japan is, therefore, the land of hatless women. Ages ago when the defenders of Japan ran short of rope for their ship cables, multiplied thousands of women voluntarily sacrificed the dearest thing they had, their hair. These immense ropes are hundreds of feet in length and three inches and more in diameter.

Leaving Kyoto on a special train our party was literally loaded down with purchases made in these three cities. In fact Japan was richer by hundreds of thousands of dollars for this visit of eight hundred world travelers. Being the first foreign country visited, our people spent money

freely. At Kobe in the evening great loads were carried up the gang plank to the decks of the Empress of France. As one man came up puffing and wiping the perspiration from his face he said, "Busted, but happy, by golly."

The great inland sea of Japan is world famous. It is three hundred miles long and from eight to forty miles wide. It is reached by four narrow entrances. As we were passing through a fog settled down upon us and we came dangerously near getting fast on a sand bar. We lost four hours and the time had to be taken from our stay at Nagasaki.

Coming out at the west end of the inland sea we entered a smaller body of water known as the Suo Sea. To get out of this into the Japan Sea we went through Shimonoseki Strait, then through the Korea Strait and around into the Nagasaki Bay. This was one of the greatest sights during our visit to Japan.

The city of Nagasaki contains about one hundred and eighty thousand people. It is surrounded by mountains and on a land locked harbor, the narrow strait leading to it being three or four miles in extent. Of all Japanese scenery this spot is by far the most beautiful of any we saw.

The mountains round about the city are often terraced to the very top. These little gardens are the pride as well as the living of the people. Ship building industries in this city employ from twenty to thirty thousand people when running at full blast. However, at this time the ship building industries in all countries are all but at a standstill.

Nagasaki is noted for the wonderful tortoise

shell products and many people find employment in these factories. This wonderful product of shell work is shipped to the ends of the earth.

Our eight hundred people had to be landed in small tenders, as the Empress of France had to anchor far from the piers. Nearly all the rikshas in the city had to be commandeered for our people. It was a wonderful ride we had through the narrow streets and the people everywhere were smiling and courteous. Climbing the hundreds of steps to the temples and out to the cemetery on the hill taxed the strength of some of our elderly people, but no one who reached the top was sorry they made the climb.

The greatest sight of all was the coaling of the ship. About thirty barges of coal were jammed up to the sides of the ship at one time. Six hundred men and women, mostly women, worked like beavers for eight hours. They actually placed twenty-six hundred tons of coal in our bunkers, every pound of which had to be handled by from four to thirty pairs of human hands.

It would take a long article to adequately describe this process of coaling the ship, but the speed with which these toilers worked during these eight long hours for seventy-five cents each will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. While here ten years before our ship was so built that the coal had to be lifted thirty feet and at that time women with babies on their backs worked a whole day for eleven cents. Now women are not allowed to work with babies on their backs at this work.

My! what a sunset, as the ship passed out of this

wonderful land locked harbor! Beholding the beauty of these mountains and calling to mind some of the things that happened upon them in the days long gone by, the memories of that hour will never be forgotten by this party of world travelers. Touching the waters of the Yellow Sea we were soon out into the great deep in the North China Sea.

The distance from Nagasaki to Hong Kong is nearly eleven hundred miles. Passing through the Formosa Strait we, for many hours, were in sight of this large island. Ten years and a half before the writer was cruising along this very spot when the news came by wireless that Roosevelt had been shot in Milwaukee. That was all we heard and it was not until Hong Kong was reached that we found that he was only slightly wounded. As here we are ten hours ahead of Chicago time, we actually, by the clock, heard the news several hours before it happened.

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DESCENDANTS FROM ONE GOOD FAMILY

This family lived in Connecticut. The original progenitor was born in England and became a clergyman. His son came to the United States and became a merchant. His son, in turn, also became a merchant. This man's son became a minister, his son followed and became a minister and his son, in

turn, also became a minister.

This family has been traced for one hundred years. There were 1394 descendants of this family traced and identified. Here is the list and it is worthy of careful study.

Two hundred and ninety-five were college graduates. Thirteen became college professors. Sixty were physicians, one hun-

dred and eight were preachers, one hundred and one were lawyers, thirty were judges, one was vice-president of the United States, seventy-five were army and navy officers, sixty were prominent authors, and sixteen were railroad and steamship presidents.

And in the entire record not one was ever convicted of a crime. Who says it does not pay to live an upright life? But what about the signs of the times when future mothers smoke cigarettes, drink booze and dance immoral dances half of the nights every week?

A SWIFT COURTSHIP

Uncle John rode his horse to the widow's farm one morning, hurried into the house and said, "Widow Jenkins, I'm a man of business. I'm worth ten

thousand dollars and I want you for a wife. I'll give you just three minutes to answer."

"I don't want three minutes, old man," she replied, "I'm a woman of business, worth sixteen thousand dollars and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I'll just give you four seconds to git."

Few men have been admired by their own domestics.

Many go for wool and come home shorn themselves.

Society in shipwreck is a comfort to all.

I have never seen a greater monster or miracle than myself.



GATE TO A JAPANESE TEMPLE



Photographs by Paul Boyd
CANTON AND SOME OF THE MANY BOATS ON THE PEARL RIVER

CHAPTER XIII

HONG KONG TO CANTON—90 MILES

HONG KONG is the name of an island and not the name of a city, as is generally supposed. The name of the city on the island is Victoria, but it is scarcely ever heard. People address letters to Hong Kong without mentioning the name of the city and they reach their destination as quickly and with as much certainty as though they were properly addressed.

This island is irregular in shape, a little more than ten miles in length, from two to five miles in width and has an area of a little more than thirty square miles. It was ceded to Great Britain about eighty years ago and is the great center of British commerce with China and Japan. It is also a British military center.

About twenty-five years ago the peninsula of Kowloon, which is on the mainland of China just opposite to Hong Kong, was also ceded to Great Britain, or rather leased to her, for ninety-nine years. This with the waters of the bay gives Great Britain a territory of about three hundred and fifty square miles besides the island of Hong Kong.

The city of Victoria, generally called Hong Kong, is the chief city on the island and has a population of a little more than a half million people, some fourteen thousand of whom are non-Chinese. There are several villages on the island and all together these contain nearly twenty thousand people. New Kowloon contains more than a hundred thousand people, so the combined pop-

ulation of all this British territory is more than six hundred and twenty-five thousand people.

The Hong Kong harbor is one of the finest, most beautiful and busiest harbors in the world. But it only contains about ten square miles of territory. Fifteen years ago, according to one authority, it boasted of being the largest shipping center in the world, more than five hundred vessels entering and clearing the port in one year. Since the war trade has fallen off, however, yet in nineteen hundred and twenty the imports amounted to about six hundred and fifty million dollars, while the exports for the same year were one hundred million dollars more than that.

It was afternoon when the Empress of France steamed into this beautiful harbor. Being a free port, we were not bothered with red tape officials that are found in other ports. Our ship went directly to the pier on the Kowloon side. This was a happy surprise, for ten years before the great liner upon which I was traveling not only anchored in the harbor, but stirred up a lot of mud in the bottom.

From the ship the island of Hong Kong is beautiful beyond description. The splendid stone buildings, from three to eight stories high, are built almost without a break for a couple of miles along the shore and magnificent homes of the rich and stately public buildings dot the mountain side in a most picturesque way.

The "peak" rises more than eighteen hundred feet and the funicular tramway will take one to within four hundred feet of the top. We could see this tram from the ship, but so far away, the cars only look to be about the size of baby carriages.

In a short time all the cruisers, except the company of them who were to go to Canton that same evening, were given ferry tickets to cross to Hong Kong, all these people having independent action for the evening. Of course we all went over to the city, and as a great portion of the city is Chinese, our people had their first look at these strange but interesting people in their homes and shops.

As all our people were to visit Canton, the company had to be divided into five parties, for all the accommodations and native guides obtainable in Canton could only provide for a little more than one hundred and fifty people at one time.

As we read in the daily papers that only the night before our arrival the pirates along the Pearl River, where we were to pass, had captured a ship, stole twenty thousand dollars worth of property and held seven people for ransom, and knew of the revolution in Canton but a few days before, some were naturally apprehensive and more or less excited about it.

But danger is fascinating and nearly always brings a thrill. That fact cropped out among our people at Honolulu when we heard that Mount Kilauea went on a rampage only a few hours after our visit there. Some declared that they would have given a hundred dollars to have been on the rim of the volcano at the time. Here the same feeling cropped out again and if word had come to our manager telling him that the trip to that city was too perilous to attempt I imagine that ninety per cent of our company would have said, "We will risk it, anyway."

The city of Canton is about ninety miles up the river from Hong Kong. Early the next morning after landing I was in the party scheduled to make the trip up the river by boat and back by train. Our river steamer was a good one. We started on time. Many uniformed men armed with Winchesters were on the boat moving about the decks. Barb wire was placed upon the sides so pirates would have a hard time climbing up to the decks should they attack us. Double iron gates and bars, with armed guards both outside and inside, shut the pilot house off from the rest of the ship. It was easy to see that every precaution had been taken and that we were in very dangerous territory.

Steaming out of the harbor at Hong Kong and into the mouth of the Pearl River the sight was wonderful to all, for the city of Victoria on the side of the mountain on the island of Hong Kong is "beautiful for situation."

We soon passed a place called Dutch Folly. In the early days the Dutch asked and were granted permission to erect a hospital on the island for sick sailors. Later when they landed some medicine and equipment in barrels and cases, unfortunately one box was burst open, and lo! it was filled with arms and ammunition. The Chinese, when they saw it, solemnly and wisely remarked, "What foollee the Dutchee mustee be that they thinkee the sick be curee with ee powder and bullets."

The Pearl River is about as large as the Missouri, that is the main channel, and just about as muddy. After some distance the country is very

flat and the rice fields partly under water. Men and women were already working in the rice fields in water and later in the day when the rain fell in torrents they worked away. Some of these people, as well as those in sampans, wore grass coats over the clothes in which they were born and actually looked like shocks of grass moving.

By the way, half of the people on the earth subsist upon rice. It requires the most ardent toil to raise it. It must be set out much like cabbage or tomatoes, only closer together, but in mud and water. To cultivate it men and women must work in mud and water most of the time, and in many cases even harvest it in water.

As we neared the city of Canton more people were in the fields and we began to get a real glimpse of the thousands who live in boats. Some of the larger junks were propelled by men and women walking on windlasses that turn the paddle wheel, making one think of the galley slaves of the old days.

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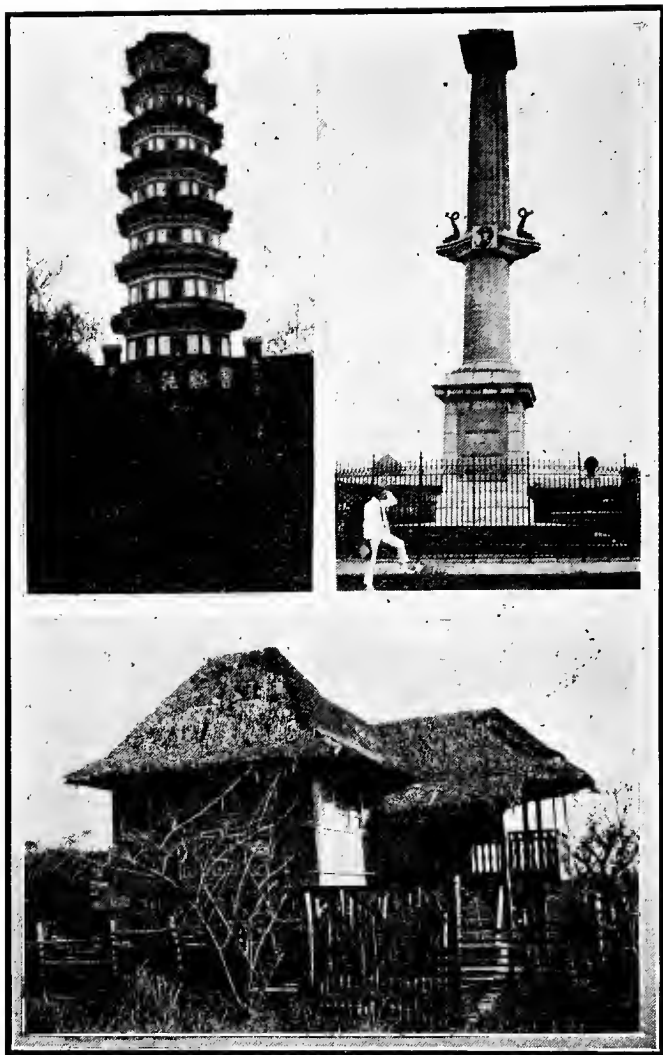
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THE EDITOR'S LETTERS MIXED

An editor received two letters in the same mail. One of them came from the happy father of twins who asked the editor how they could best get them through the teething period. The other letter came from a farmer who was asking how to get rid of grasshoppers that were ruining his crop.

As usual the editor tried

to give advice to both but he in some way got the letters mixed. The proud father was not only surprised but very indignant when he read, "Cover them with straw and set it on fire and the little pests will be settled forever." The other man was just as mad when he opened his letter and read, "Give them a little castor oil and rub their gums with a bone ring."



Photographs by Miss Wilson and Dr. Powell

UPPER LEFT—FLOWER PAGODA IN CANTON

UPPER RIGHT—STATUE TO MAGELLAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

LOWER—A NATIVE FILIPINO COUNTRY HOME

CHAPTER XIV

RAMBLES THROUGH CANTON

REACHING Canton we saw never-to-be-forgotten sights. First, the river population is enormous, being estimated at from three to five hundred thousand people. These little boats are generally about five feet wide and perhaps thirty feet long. Each one of them contains at least one family of from five to ten or twelve people. Thousands of people are born on these boats, grow up and die without ever spending a single day on land.

The doctors make their rounds in boats. So do the butchers, market men, barbers, hucksters, fak-ers, priests and undertakers. The most of these boats have their gods. These people rake the bottom of the river like you rake the garden. They live on anything, fish, lobsters, frogs, eels, turtles, snails, worms, fowls, rats and goodness only knows what.

Canton itself almost makes one feel like wearing a gas mask. To go through the narrow streets, from four to eight feet wide, and see how the teeming thousands live, is something like a nightmare, only it is real. The fifty-seven varieties are not in it when it comes to smells. It is sewer gas, corroding meat, slaughter house, soap factory, tannery, pig-sty and hen-roost all put together, and then some.

The visit to Canton was most unsatisfactory to nearly all of our people. The city was in the throes of insurrection and some of the streets were barricaded. The hotel was inadequate for those

who stayed all night. Some of them had to sleep on the floor and had the fight of their lives with mosquitoes and other insects which are worse. The sedan chair carriers went out on a strike, or something else happened to them. Most of those who did go through the narrow lanes had to walk and dared not go far or be separated from each other. We who went through these places did so at the peril of our lives.

Ten years ago I was alone in the city and was carried ten or twelve miles through the narrow, ill-smelling lanes. Then I was entirely alone and did not realize the danger until it was too late. The landlord at the hotel arranged with the coolies as to just where to take me and I could not understand their language nor they mine. Thirty minutes after we started I would have given fifty dollars to have been back to the hotel. But I lived through the perilous day and the experience was worth while, after all.

No one knows the population of Canton. It would be absolutely impossible to take a census of the city even if there was no revolution in progress. The population is estimated all the way from one to five million people. It used to be a walled city, but most of the walls have been torn down.

At the present time one can go, as we did, nearly around the city in an automobile, for many of the streets near the outside have been widened. Along the Bund there are some fine buildings. One of these is the home of Dr. Sen Yat Sen, upon whom some have looked as the deliverer of South China, but it seems that he is not leading the people toward the promised land at this time.

The oasis in this great city is the small British possession called Shameen. This possession consists of about forty-five acres which is an artificial island in the river, made so by a canal. This also includes a French section consisting of about eleven acres and practically all foreign business relations with the city are carried on in Shameen.

Space forbids a further description of the city, although it certainly is an interestnig place to visit. Were it not for the Young Men's Christian Association, Christian College and the various Christian missions I doubt if it would be at all safe for any American or European to enter the city.

Then, too, the Chinese seem to respect the English speaking people. They have a revolution every week or two these times, and have had for a year or two. One man who lives there said that only a few weeks ago while these Chinese were shooting at each other he found it necessary to go down one of these narrow lanes where the revolution was the hottest. He held up his hand and the word was soon passed along and the firing ceased. He then, still holding up his hand, walked down the street in safety. But as soon as he left the firing commenced again.

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THE POPULATION OF CANTON

It would be as easy to go out to a beehive in the heat of the day, upset the hive and undertake a census of the bees as to try

to enumerate the people of the city of Canton.

CHINAMAN FACE ALL OVER

A man said to a Chinaman who had but few

clothes on, "John, I don't see how you can keep your body warm with so few clothes on." John replied, "Does white man get cold on face?" "Why, no," said the white man, "we are used to the cold in our faces." "Chinaman all over face" replied John.

VATTA YOU SING

A New York Policeman thus accosted an Italian organ-grinder:

"Have you a permit to grind this organ on the street?"

"No, me no habbe de permit."

"Then, sir, it becomes my duty to request you to accompany me."

"Alla righta. Vatta you sing?"

TIME IS MONEY

Eli Perkins once lectured in a Quaker town in Pennsylvania and at the close

the chairman of the committee came with a roll of bills:

"Eli, my friend, does thee believe in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin?"

"Yea," replied Eli.

"Well, friend Eli, Benjamin Franklin, in his Poor Richard maxims, says that 'Time is money!'"

"Yea, verily, I have read it," replied Eli.

"Well, Eli, if 'Time is money' as thy friend, poor Richard, says, and thee believes so, then verily I will keep the money and let thee take it out in time."

SOME WRITERS

The first five days out our cruisers used thirty thousand sheets of the "Empress of France" writing paper.

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.



UPPER—A PRESENT DAY FARMER IN THE PHILIPPINES
 CENTER—A VILLAGE SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES
 LOWER—A FUTURE FARMER IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHAPTER XV

CANTON TO MANILA—700 MILES

THE trip from Canton to Hong Kong was made on a special train and the accommodations were fairly good. A few of us rode in the observation car attached and we had some fun with the sign in the car, "Reserved for the Governor," which was shown to those who came into our car. As only our party was on the train, this caused a little sport. Had it been daylight, we were told, we could have seen the headless body of a pirate on the right of way, it having been lying there unburied for three weeks.

This brings to mind the fact that there used always to be criminals awaiting execution in Canton. If a party came to the city who wanted to see an execution, if they would make up a small purse to pay for extra trouble a criminal would be brought out and decapitated before them.

The schedule for our party provided for a wonderful day in Hong Kong. Crossing from Kowloon on the ferry we were met with automobiles which took us to the "Peak" tramway station. The car was then crowded with fifty or sixty people at a time. It is a cable arrangement; while one car goes up another comes down. Personally I don't like this way of traveling up a mountain-side, for it comes nearer making me seasick than a storm at sea.

Up fourteen hundred feet we stepped out of the car into sedan chairs where men carried us up a hundred feet more. Then the walk around the winding way for the three hundred feet elevation

seemed a mile or more, but at the top the view was so magnificent that no one who made the trip was sorry for the hard walk. The hundreds of ships in the harbor below looked very small. Our own great ship and its sister ship, the *Empress of Asia*, tied up to the same pier across the harbor, looked like mere toys.

Walking back to the tramway station rikishas were ready to take us to autos in which we made the wonderful journey down the mountain and to the Hong Kong Hotel for luncheon. This is one of the finest hotels in the Orient. I looked into a small banquet room where a small outside party was having a dinner and never before have I seen such a beautifully and artistically arranged table. Plates were about five dollars each.

After the luncheon we were taken on one of the most wonderful drives in the world. The English have spent millions on this great drive around the island. It must be thirty miles or more and is just one surprise after another. It takes one through the various Chinese villages and gives a glimpse of their struggle for an existence. Hundreds of men and women were laboriously toiling on the public highways and at other tasks as well.

The climax of all was the Repulse Bay Hotel and grounds. No wonder that millionaires come from all parts of the world to stay at this hotel. The naturally protected bathing beach in front, the wonderful gardens all around the spacious hotel and well up on the rugged mountain-side behind, the delightful climate and ocean breeze, the luxurious growth of tropical flowers

and shrubbery, all these together make it an ideal spot, almost like paradise itself.

An invitation to seven o'clock dinner into the home of Dr. Jew Hawk, a prominent Chinese physician in the city and who graduated from Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, thirty years ago, was one of the happy surprises of my visit to Hong Kong. His home is a fine mansion on the hill and the seven-course dinner was well cooked and served in American style. Dr. Hawk has been a physician in Hong Kong for twenty-three years, eight years of it in one of the large city hospitals.

This man was largely educated by Christian people in America. His only son was in an American university studying electrical engineering and his only daughter married to one of the prominent business men of the city.

Dr. Hawk keeps up a church for the Chinese at his own expense, had thirteen young folks in his own home giving them an education, and paying for the education of others. He is so grateful to his old teacher, Prof. Macy of Des Moines, that he wrote him some time ago offering to pay the entire expense if he would undertake a trip to China to visit him.

After dinner Dr. Hawk took me to one of the club houses of the city where Chinamen congregate. There are hundreds of these club houses and the laboring men are so thoroughly organized that they almost do as they please. I was introduced to many of these prominent men, one of whom was a gyromancer, who finds lucky places to bury the dead and does all sorts of such things.

A look into one of the great hospitals of the city was a revelation, but it would take a chapter to describe it. A Chinese theater where five thousand people were packed in like sardines in a box was a sight of a lifetime. A visit to the bright light district where the rich Chinamen have their concubines and banquets was different from anything else on earth. I saw a firecracker fifty feet long and which took fifteen minutes to explode and sounded like a battle all this time.

It was near the midnight hour when I went back to the ship. The weather was cold and rainy, and yet along the streets where a little protection from the storm was found were thousands of beggars and poor people, lying with burlap or matting or anything they could get to cover them, trying to sleep. It was one of the saddest midnight sights I ever witnessed. I counted as many as eight in one huddle and Dr. Hawk said there were thousands of them.

In Hong Kong I saw women hitched to carts like oxen, hundreds of them, as many as five to one cart, and pulling a load that would wind a team of horses. I saw hundreds of girls carrying loads of stone four or five blocks from where it was crushed to the place it was used in buildings. They take two basketsful fastened to each end of a bamboo pole and swung across their shoulders. I lifted some of these burdens and do not believe I could carry one basket as far as these girls carried two, without stopping to rest, to save my life. I saw mere children toiling as slaves and

as much under cruel taskmasters as were the children of Israel in Egypt of old.

And yet Hong Kong is perhaps the most enlightened and modern city in all that great empire with four hundred million people. O my! How long, O Lord, how long, will the teeming millions of human beings have to live such lives? And yet, great Christian characters like Dr. Jew Hawk are hopeful and see the dawning of a better day for China.

But one rarely witnesses such a sight as when the Empress of France left the pier at Hong Kong. It was eight in the evening and it actually seemed as if all the English speaking people in the city as well as hundreds of the tradesmen and beggars had come to ply their trades and see us off. After the whistle blew the scene beggars all description. The decks were piled high with the junk our party had purchased.

But the people! The jargon of Chinese traders, and laundrymen who were trying to get their hard earned cash! The ship's officers had a time getting the smugglers off the boat. I saw one man that it took two strong officers to get him up the stairway and they handled him roughly. I don't know what he was accused of doing, but I felt sorry for him.

Added to the above was the racket made by the wooden instruments made for that purpose and distributed by the hundred. Then ribbonlike paper was thrown in streamers by hundreds of passengers that friends on the pier might be united with them as long as possible. The shouts of all, both passengers and visitors, with hundreds on

the Empress of Asia, less than fifty feet away, well, I give it up; it is impossible to describe the scene.

Then word came that a couple had missed the special in Canton and were racing on the express which followed thirty minutes later. But the ship pulled away from the pier and around nearest the railway station and waited for the train. When the train came in a steam launch was all ready and brought the couple out to the ship. While all were glad they were not left behind, yet many felt hard toward them, for they had been warned to stay with the party in Canton, but had not heeded this warning and thus the whole shipload was held up for nearly an hour by their folly. The trip of six hundred and thirty miles from Hong Kong to Manila was uneventful.

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BURYING THEIR DEAD

The Chinese do not bury their dead in cemeteries. A lucky place must be found to bury a body and this may be in the middle of the road or field.

In Canton they have the "City of the Dead." This is outside of the old city wall and consists of hundreds of little rooms. When one who has money dies in Canton the body is taken to this City of the Dead

and placed in one of these rooms. As long as the rent of the room is paid the priests fail to find a lucky place to bury the body.

The relatives also bring food and place it in the room for the dead to eat. An American said, "John, I don't see how the dead can eat the food you bring." "Eatee food we bringee easy as smellee flowers you bringee," quickly replied the Chinaman.



Photographs by Miss Wilson and Mr. Lyman

UPPER LEFT—A BASKET CARRIER

UPPER RIGHT—MANILA PALMS

LOWER—THE PASIG RIVER

CHAPTER XVI

THE CITY OF MANILA

WHILE the visit to Manila will remain a pleasant memory to many of us, yet to a majority of our more than eight hundred cruisers it will be remembered as a great nightmare.

We landed shortly after the noon luncheon. Half of our company were counted out to take a boat trip up the Pasig River which would give a most interesting view of the interior of the large island upon which the city of Manila is located.

It will be well to keep in mind the fact that there are more than seven thousand islands in the Philippine group and their combined area is almost as great as that of Great Britain. More than half of the islands, however, are uninhabitable rocks; less than half of them even have names, and less than five hundred of them have as much as one square mile in area.

The largest of these islands is that of Luzon, which is about the size of the state of Kentucky. The population of the entire group is about ten and one-half millions. All but about eight hundred thousand of them have been brought under Christian influences and are nominally Christian. Even the head hunters in the mountains have discontinued many of their inhuman practices.

The city of Manila is the largest of the Philippine cities, containing nearly three hundred thousand people. The transformation of this city within the twenty-five years of American occupation is almost unbelievable.

When Dewey entered Manila Bay the city was

almost as great a pest-hole as Panama before we dug the canal. There was practically no water or sewer system, and yellow fever, cholera and typhoid swept the people away like flies, every year.

The city was then surrounded by a wall on the outside of which was a moat full of stagnant water. The streets were narrow and filthy, the network of canals through the city was the home of thousands who lived in vermin fested, filthy boats. Lepers and people with smallpox ran at large. Here were packed together more people per square mile than live in the same area in New York City.

Now Manila is a great, modern, up-to-date city with a pure water supply that furnishes the people with twenty-two million gallons of water daily, a splendid sewer system that cost more than two million dollars and one hundred and fifty miles of streets and boulevards the most of which are clean and well kept.

The old walls have long since been torn down and the material used in building homes and business houses, the moats filled and made into beautiful drives and gardens.

Hundreds of acres of ground have been rescued from the sea and upon which have been erected many great business houses and public buildings, a million dollar hotel, and some of the finest drives and botanical gardens found in any city.

All told there are sixty-one public parks and plazas in the city. Among them are the famous Luneta and the Hehan Botanical Gardens. Plaza McKinley and Harrison Park are also very fine and lovely resorts.

The fire department is as modern as can be found in the eastern world, and the twelve public markets enable the people to obtain fresh meat, fish, vegetables and all such food at the lowest possible prices. I visited some of the hospitals and training schools for nurses and found them, in the main, up to date and modern.

While twenty-five years ago Protestant Christianity was almost unheard of in the city, now the various churches and Bible societies have about two hundred missionaries, more than two hundred ordained Filipino preachers, fifteen hundred lay preachers and evangelists, one hundred deaconesses and Bible women and more than one hundred thousand church members in and about Manila.

These Protestant churches have thirteen hospitals, two orphanages, twelve mission schools and a union Theological Seminary. They operate twenty-seven dormitories for students in the Government schools and have nearly two million dollars invested in buildings and equipment. Portions of the Bible have been translated into more than twenty Filipino dialects.

This writer enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Leslie Wolfe, a Christian missionary, while in the city. Fifteen years ago his church had practically nothing in the Philippines. Now it has about eighty churches with almost eight thousand members. The twenty-two American workers are assisted by seventy Filipino preachers. They had eight hundred converts last year and one of the churches in Manila had six hundred and sixty people in their Bible school the Sunday before my visit.

The Catholic people have seminaries and orphanages all over the islands. They have a large cathedral, twenty-two churches and as many more chapels in the city. They have hospitals, a training school for nurses, an orphanage and home for the aged women besides various other institutions in the city and about two hundred mission stations in other parts of the islands.

The people of Manila are great for amusements of various kinds. The biggest annual event is the Manila Carnival. This is also a Commercial and Industrial fair. It lasts about one week and is said to be the biggest yearly event in the Orient. Last year the attendance averaged sixty-two thousand daily.

The city of Manila has sixteen daily papers and about fifty other regular magazines. The city was surrendered to Admiral Dewey on the thirteenth of August and by September first every schoolhouse in the city, not in ruins, was operating at its fullest capacity. From that day to the present education has not only been emphasized, but has gone forward by leaps and bounds.

The Englishman was right when he said, "Wherever the Germans go you find the arsenal; wherever the French go you find the railroad; wherever the British go you find the custom house, but wherever the Americans go you find the schoolhouse."

The great university in Manila has thirty-one buildings and enrolls thirty-five hundred students annually. The Santo Thomas University has the distinction of being the oldest educational institution under the American flag, having been founded twenty-five years before Harvard.

One great sight for our cruisers was the famous Bilibid prison, which is one of the most humane institutions of its kind on earth. It covers seventeen acres of ground and many of its fifty buildings are built around a circle and in the central tower watchmen, armed with Winchesters, stand day and night. When not at work the prisoners mingle in companies in large, clean dormitories where they read, sing and visit with each other.

To stand in the central tower and see the two thousand prisoners in their afternoon drill is a wonderful sight. The prison band plays while the various companies, hidden from each other, move like the hands of a great clock. They stand, kneel, touch hands, lie down, arise, walk and exercise with such wonderful regularity, keeping time with the music all the while, that one can hardly realize that they are real men.

Besides the boat ride on the river our people were given a three-hour automobile drive, visiting many sights in the city as well as getting a glimpse of village life in the country near by. However, there was one or two "flies in the ointment."

After such rousing receptions at Hilo, Yokohama and all other Japanese cities, as well as at Hong Kong, many were surprised not to see a welcome sign in the whole city of Manila. They had no reception committee whatever except that provided by our own manager and no ado whatever was made over the largest company of world travelers that ever visited their city.

The most unfortunate occurrence, and that which made the visit to Manila a nightmare to so many of our people was an event that happened at the Manila Hotel. As he always did, our man-

ager had provided accommodations for us at the best hotel. We were to take dinner at the great Manila Hotel and then sleep on board the ship. There was something in the food that poisoned the people and that night the Empress of France was turned into a gigantic hospital.

The ship's physician was hurriedly summoned about midnight, ran to the case in his pajamas and never had time to dress until the middle of the next forenoon. He summoned every nurse and steward on the ship to assist him and the physicians among our cruisers, who were not too ill to assist, gave their services freely and the early morning saw six hundred people either on beds of pain or moving about almost like ghosts. It surely was one never-to-be-forgotten night of terror to many.

After all, however, our visit to Manila was one that no one could have afforded to miss. While the Filipinos were not demonstrative in their welcome, they were very kind and courteous to us and nearly every one of them wore a smile. They also seemed very grateful for every courtesy shown them and were very appreciative, after all.

Then, too, after the multitude of outstretched hands and the "cumshaw" appeals in China, it was a relief to get into a city once more where there were very few beggars of any description. As we said goodbye to those who came to see us off, it was with best wishes, not only to General Wood and those associated with him, but to every man, woman and child in the Philippine Islands.

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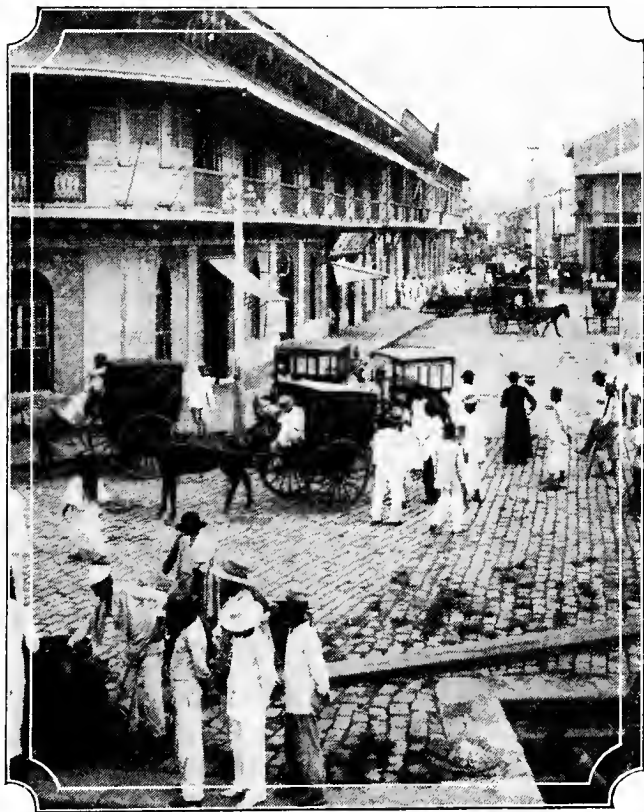
APRIL

No. 16

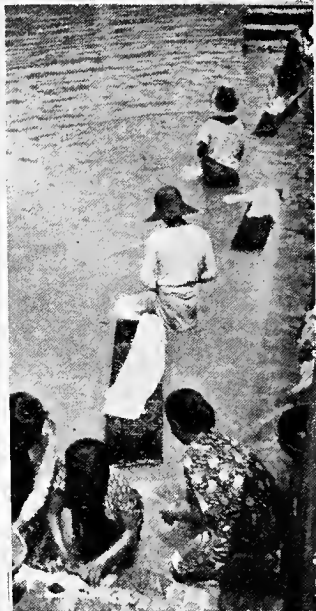
HEARD IT TWICE

Two negroes got into a row with another who was very handy with a gun. They both started to run as the bad man began shooting. When they were at a safe distance one said,

"Sam, did you hear dat bullet?" "Yas," said Sam. "I hearn it two times." "How you mean two times?" asked the other. "I hearn dat bullet once when it passed me, and den anuder time when I passed it," said the excited darky.



A STREET SCENE IN MANILA



Photographs by Miss Carmack and Mr. Lyman

UPPER LEFT—A STREET SPRINKLER IN BATAVIA, JAVA

UPPER RIGHT—A CANAL SCENE IN JAVA

LOWER—A SADC IN BUETZENZORG, JAVA

CHAPTER XVII

PHILIPPINES TO JAVA

BEFORE leaving the Philippines it will be well to call to mind that the man who is generally given the credit for first encircling the globe died on these islands and a monument was erected to his memory in one of their cities. This man was Magellan.

Magellan was a Portuguese and the story of this great voyage, in which he lost his life, is one of the most thrilling tales of sea life. He started from Seville, Spain, September twentieth, in the year fifteen hundred and nineteen, with five ships, the combined tonnage of which was less than five hundred tons. The flagship, which was commanded by Magellan himself, was the *Trinidad*, a one hundred and ten ton vessel.

The story of the finding of the Straits of Magellan, of the mutiny of the officers of three of the five ships and the strategy of this brave man, of the ninety-eight long days of crossing the Pacific, of the fight on the island of Cebu, and the death of this hero of the seven seas, is too long to be told here.

Of the five ships and two hundred and sixty-five men who started with Magellan, only one ship and eighteen men actually completed the journey and that was after almost three years had passed. The one surviving captain, who is generally called Elcano, thus obtained as his armorial bearings a globe upon which was inscribed, "*Primus circumdedisti me.*"

The fifteen hundred and seventy miles from Manila to the island of Java seemed a long jour-

ney, for the weather was very hot. However, we had a great glimpse of the island of Borneo, for we hugged the coast of this land for hundreds of miles.

One rather exciting event for most of our people was the crossing of the Equator. Old Father Neptune came aboard and with his helpers succeeded in throwing a half hundred men and women into the swimming tank with all due ceremony. Some few of these were taken against their will and thrown in with their good clothes on, but most all took the matter as one of the incidents of ocean travel and laughed about it.

This whole ceremony was very amusing to all and especially so when the captain of the ship and one of the prominent directors of the party were dumped in backwards. The next day the entire company of eight hundred received their certificates duly signed by Neptune, the God of the High Seas.

Another event in which most all were interested was the costume parade on the promenade deck. Hundreds toggled up in their newly purchased garments, from the grass suits of river boatmen and ricksha men to the finest Japanese and Chinese silks and many other native garb.

Some of the ladies wore but little more than their birthday clothes and one man wore the rich garb of a heathen priest. Prizes were given for the six best and the judges had a time deciding the three ladies and the three gentlemen who should receive them.

The sad event of the journey was the passing into the great beyond of another one of our cruisers. Only a young man, too, but one who had

perhaps been worse to himself than to anyone else. With his body full of the poison of drink and narcotics the touch of ptomaine poison at Manila was too much for him and when the crisis came his life went out.

There is something about death that makes even the pleasure loving think soberly at times. In his sermon on Sunday morning, and almost at the very moment that this life went out, Rev. Baxter said:

“I walked a mile with pleasure,
And she chatted all the way,
But I was none the wiser,
For all she had to say.
I walked a mile with sorrow,
And she never said a word,
But O! how I remembered her,
When I walked along her road.”

I hardly know how to describe our visit to the island of Java, which has rightly been called the “Garden of the World.” This island is less in size than the state of New York and contains about thirty-six million people, being the most densely populated country on the globe.

This island of Java is full of volcanoes. It is generally stated that there are forty-five volcanoes on the island, but only a couple of years ago some scientists made a careful investigation and found no less than one hundred and nine of them, active and extinct.

A merchant in one of the cities visited showed me a map of the volcanoes with their height and a little red flame issuing from the top of those which are active at times. I counted just twenty

of the latter. It was on this island in seventeen hundred and seventy-two that the top of a mountain was blown off and forty villages were completely destroyed.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-two not far from this island another mountain top blew off and the explosion was heard seven hundred and twenty miles away and only twenty-six people out of a population of twelve thousand escaped alive. In eighteen hundred and eighty-three an entire island in the neighborhood blew up and the explosion was heard fifteen hundred miles away.

This terrible disturbance raised waves in the ocean that swept over plantations in both Java and Sumatra and reached the coast of America. Thirty thousand people were killed by this catastrophe. Other calamities even more terrible have occurred in these parts, but as one writer suggests, it is no use telling about them, for people simply would not believe the stories.

It is said that there is one volcano on Java today that is acting very strangely and geologists say that it is liable to blow up at any moment. If they were able to tell the very day that such a calamity would occur the ignorant natives would not believe it and would go on without paying one particle of attention to them.

The red soil of Java is perhaps the most fertile to be found on the earth. They only have to scratch it and plant the seed and most anything will grow. No attention has to be paid to seasons. As soon as one crop is matured they can plant another. One man told me that they can raise four crops of corn per year. As soon as one crop has

matured they cut it up, take it off the ground and plant another.

Here one sees a wonderful growth of palms, coconuts, bananas and almost every tropical tree and fruit imaginable. In some cases tea is grown among rubber and other trees and it is not an uncommon sight to see three crops growing on the same land at one and the same time. I have never before seen such a bountiful crop of rice growing anywhere as in Java.

The people in the native villages seem to be contented and happy, and their wants are few. They need but little clothing, in fact thousands of children do not wear any. Many men wear only a sort of a cloth about their loins and their brown bodies almost look like bronze. As a rule, the women wear bright colored clothing which covers their entire body.

Excepting the washer women in the canals, these native women are a modest folk. They have a way of getting into the water, lifting up their clothing as the body goes down, that is quite ingenious. Sometimes they are not very careful about this act of undressing, but men do not watch them nor seem to pay any attention to them. They are simply used to it and think nothing about it.

On one occasion I was crossing a bridge over a small canal and noticed a couple of very small children by the side of the path and some packages near them and was wondering how it came that such small children were left alone, when I heard the water splashing. The mother evidently was on her way home from a shopping expedition and took a notion to have a plunge. As I looked

over the side of the bridge, there she was in the water and was enjoying it hugely.

The village life of these native Javanese is very simple. They need no fire. In most cases the floor of their dwellings is mother earth and they can live, if necessary, on the stuff that grows on trees. If they have schools or places of worship I did not see any of them and I really think the Dutch government keeps them in ignorance on purpose. Yet they seem to be an industrious people and nearly all of them are employed at something.

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No. 17

FATHER NEPTUNE

"Who is this Father Neptune I hear so much about," asked one of our cruisers of another as we were nearing the equator.

"Well, I'm not sure, but two priests got on at Manila, one of whom is quite elderly, perhaps it's him," was the reply.

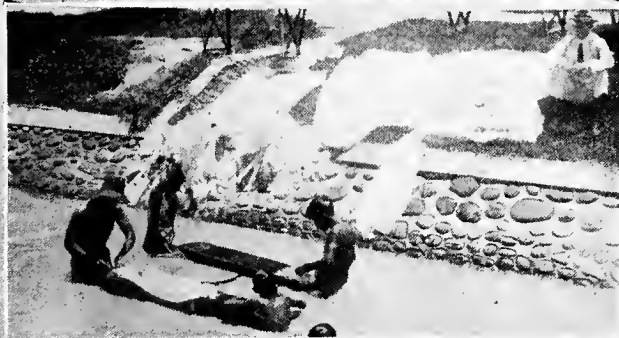
A TERRIBLE ACCUSATION

The first time the author of this book crossed the equator was in the waters off the coast of South America. A great entertainment was staged. Father Neptune with his train of officers and executioners came on board. A throne had been erected

for this God of the High Seas and the first man brought before him was tried, convicted and condemned to die for the terrible crime of murdering the Spanish language.

LIMERIC OF JAVA

We drank Java coffee in
Java
So strong it would strangle
a goat.
We ate of a fruit called the
guava
So tart that it would pickle
a shoat.
We tasted a root called cas-
sava,
So sweet it would cloy in
the throat.
They said it was cool
But we, as a rule,
Could wear neither collar
nor coat.



Photographs by Miss Carmack and Mr. Boyd

UPPER—LILY POND IN JAVA

CENTER—A LAUNDRY SCENE IN JAVA

LOWER—DRYING THE CLOTHES

CHAPTER XVIII

BATAVIA TO SINGAPORE—530 MILES

THE landing place on the island of Java was TrandJong Priok, which is near the city of Batavia. When the Empress of France neared the pier in the early morning we could see the autos in waiting. Our company was divided into two parties and we of section one were landed first, taken by auto to the railway station, a mile or so away, where a special train of fourteen first class coaches was in waiting to take us to Buitenzorg, which is about fifty miles from the landing place. The autos then returned to the ship to take the second party to Batavia, some five miles away, where they were to spend the day.

The train started exactly on scheduled time, which was eight fifteen. I will not attempt to describe the ride to Buitenzorg other than to say that it was by far the most interesting ride in the tropics we had yet enjoyed on the world cruise. Such picturesque sights! So colorful, so different from any and all other countries! The luxurious vegetation, the wonderful rice paddies, the marvelous cocoanut groves, and, above all, interesting and industrious people, all made the journey a pleasant memory to us all.

The train was not only a good one, but very comfortable. One part of the island is so wonderful that it is called "A piece of heaven fallen on earth." "The garden of the spirits" is still another name for it. We had a fine view of a couple of the rugged old volcanoes, and saw people both planting and harvesting in the same field.

The word Buitenzorg means "Out of Trouble."

On reaching the city we had a most interesting experience. At the railway station were hundreds of two-wheeled vehicles called sadocs, drawn by ponies, to take us to the Botanical Gardens. In fact this garden is the chief sight of the city.

This wonderful garden has been in the making for more than one hundred years and is one of the beauty spots of earth, a real Garden of Eden. Multiplied thousands of plants, flowers, vines, shrubs and trees are here artistically and beautifully arranged. The museum is also a very interesting place to visit. The streets and market places of these people are so fascinating that it is hard to leave them.

Again the party had to be divided and subdivided. There are only two large hotels and each of them could only care for about two hundred people. In fact they could accommodate only about one hundred at a sitting and half had to dine at twelve and the other half at one o'clock. To the latter this was rather unsatisfactory, for the waiters were very slow.

The only thing these waiters were fast and efficient in was the serving of drinks. It is a shame to sit down to any table and have to be pestered for twenty minutes by these fellows who try to make one buy liquor whether he wants it or not. It made me think of the dining cars on the Trans-Siberian railway before the world war which were in reality saloons on wheels.

Another thing about these waiters was their asking for tips. Our manager had informed us that we were not supposed to tip any waiter or driver in any city, as he attended to that, but it cut no figure with these Javanese. Even some of the

green button guides asked for tips. Add to this the putting up of prices, as some do when Americans come to town, and you get some of the troubles of world cruisers.

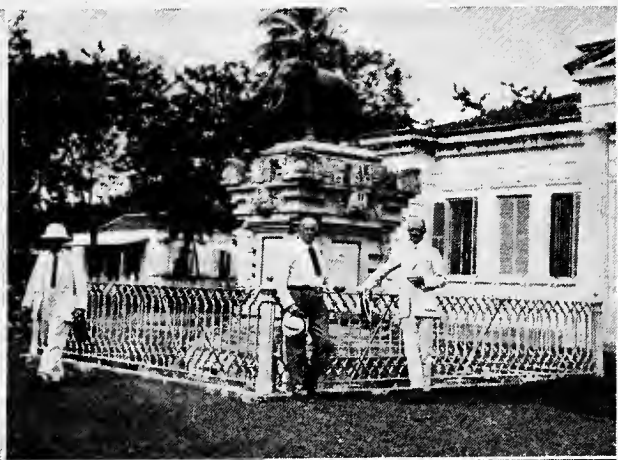
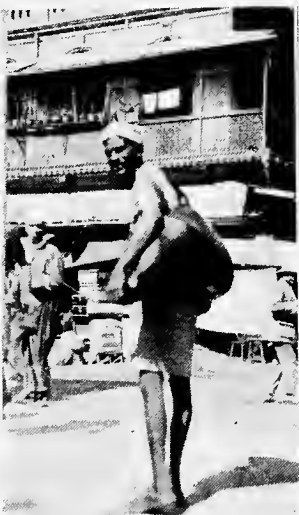
"But I don't want to be a kicker, I want to live in peace,

Yet the wheel that does the squeaking, is the one that gets the grease."

On the second day in Java, we who went to Buitenzorg the first day had autos for a drive up to and through Batavia, while the first section went to Buitenzorg. This was a most interesting day for us. For hours we drove through the city and country round about, saw where the rich as well as the poor live. There are many beautiful homes in the new city. There is said to be one Chinaman in Batavia who is worth one hundred and thirty-five million dollars, so there are some very rich people there.

Perhaps the most wonderful sight in this city of three hundred thousand people is the great museum. I have visited museums all over the world and must say that for a multiplicity of things never seen before this museum caps the climax.

Leaving Java we went up through the Java Sea and Strait of Gaspar, passing the island of Banka and then for a couple of hundred miles along the island of Sumatra to the island and city of Singapore. The distance is five hundred and thirty miles, and being very near the Equator all the time, the weather was very hot. Yet this cruise among the East Indies was very interesting and none of us would have cared to miss it.



Photographs by Paul Boyd.

UPPER LEFT—A WATER CARRIER IN JAVA.

UPPER RIGHT—A BEAD MERCHANT.

LOWER—A JAVANESE MONUMENT—GEN. MOULTON AND MR.
BOYD STANDING.



UPPER—MAN-PULLED CARTS IN JAVA
 CENTER—STREET MERCHANTS IN JAVA
 LOWER—STREET SCENE IN BATAVIA



Photographs by Dr. Powell

UPPER—CROSSING THE EQUATOR
 CENTER—REPULSE BAY HOTEL, HONGKONG
 LOWER—BOTANICAL GARDEN IN JAVA

CHAPTER XIX

THE CROSSROAD OF THE ORIENT

SINGAPORE is the name of an island about twenty-five miles long and fourteen miles wide. It is sixty-six miles around it and its area is two hundred and seventeen square miles. The city of Singapore is on the island and its population is about four hundred thousand. I believe all the villages on the island, however, are included in the city. The main portion of the city has many wide streets and splendid buildings.

Singapore has been rightly called the "Crossroad of the Orient." It is an English possession and with four other states and provinces forms what is known as the Straits Settlements.

These Settlements include, first, Penang Island, which is at the north and takes in the Province of Wellesley (a part of the Malay Peninsula); second, The Diddings (some islands and a part of the mainland) and Malacca (a part of the peninsula also); third, the Island of Singapore. All these together have an area of sixteen hundred and sixty square miles and have a population of something like eight hundred thousand people.

The story of modern Singapore is largely the story of the work of one man, Sir Stamford Raffles. This great Englishman stamped his impress upon the island. Like many others, he was perhaps not fully appreciated until he was dead. But now they have the Raffles Museum, the Raffles Library, the Raffles School, the Raffles Square, the Raffles Monument, and the Raffles Hotel, which will be mentioned later on.

I am going to begin the story of the visit to Singapore with a description of coaling the ship, which was a most interesting sight. We had steamed from Nagasaki, Japan, a distance of about thirty-eight hundred miles, without taking on a ton of coal and must have here about twenty-three hundred tons.

After the ship anchored alongside of the pier it was about one-half block to the coal pile. Every pound of the coal had to be carried in baskets to the ship and much of it had to be carried up on the deck, at least thirty feet above the pier, and dumped into the hatchway. The lower bunkers were just a little above the pier, so the coal that was put into these bunkers simply had to be carried from the coal pile and dumped in.

To get the coal up to the deck was the great problem. Already there was on the pier a high steel framework, so it was an easy matter to swing gang planks from the top of this across to the deck of the ship. Then two long incline double tracks, made of heavy plank, were erected on tresslework to the top of the steel framework. One of these tracks was for the men to go up loaded and the other for them to come down empty.

The coal was all carried in baskets by Chinese coolies. The Malays will not do this and other kinds of hard work. But the Chinaman is the dependable worker in nearly all countries. Some of these Chinamen are shrewd business men. Many of them are quite wealthy. A Chinese contractor had charge of the work and, of course, he made the large share of the profits. He had about five hundred of these coolies employed and they

placed the twenty-three hundred tons of coal on the Empress of France in a few hours.

The coal was first shoveled into large baskets, each holding on the average one hundred and fifty pounds of coal. Then two coolies slipped a bamboo pole under the handle of the basket, placed the ends of the pole on their bare shoulders, trotted along rapidly to and up the steep incline, over on board the vessel and dumped it into the hatchway. They followed each other so rapidly that for hours it was one continual procession of baskets. With but two movements the coal was dumped from the basket in half a second.

Near the coal pile was a large pair of scales, or really balances. A native sat there with all sizes of weights. Every tenth basket was weighed, but this only took a second. You hardly noticed them stopping to do this weighing it was done so quickly. This native weigher called out the number of pounds of coal.

There were three checkers. One was a mechanic representing the ship, one represented the owner of the coal and the third represented the Chinese contractor. When these checkers announced the result of so many baskets, from time to time, the others consulted their balance and if there was an error it was corrected on the spot. They could tell at any instant how much coal had been loaded.

As the coolies passed a certain man on their way to the ship the leader was given a check which he in turn gave to a man just before the basket was emptied. It was thus an easy matter to keep tab on the number of baskets at each end

of the line. Each two coolies dumped from thirty-five to forty baskets per hour. They were paid about one and one-half cents per basket.

If they carried the maximum number of baskets, forty per hour, they would receive sixty cents. Divided between them each would have about thirty cents per hour for his labor. Think of that, men! How would you like to be one of two men who carry forty baskets per hour, each containing one hundred and sixty pounds of coal, weight of basket extra, half a block and up a steep incline for thirty cents per hour? Our laboring men, many of them, received four times as much per hour for doing work not nearly so hard, and clean labor at that.

From the landing pier at Singapore our company was taken through the city and to the great Raffles Hotel, which is one of the finest in the Orient. Located on the harbor, with a building of noble proportions and including some two hundred thousand square feet of ground, with more than one hundred and fifty suites, consisting of sitting room, bed room and bath, with cooks who can really cook and waiters who can hustle, with four hundred of our people sitting in one room at a time looking out over the sea, with a splendid orchestra playing almost continuously, and where you are not pestered for fifteen minutes by waiters trying to get you to buy booze, all contributed to make our stay in the city a pleasant memory.

A four-hour drive through the city and around the island over smooth asphalt roads through miles of rubber forests and where we saw the rattan, the banana, the cocoanut, the pineapple

and all such things growing luxuriously, will linger in my memory like a pleasant dream.

It is really a great treat to see the native people of these countries, see their peculiar costumes and customs, see them at work as well as at play, to see the children, the ricksha men, the carpenter, the farmer, the gardener and other workers, as well as the congested streets and the hustle and hurry of street life.

The population of this great Oriental crossroad includes some of the finest people imaginable as well as the fag ends of civilization. At the beginning the island was a penal institution for India and pirates and convicts were in the majority. In a journey around the world one does not see at any other one place such a conglomeration of races.

While not so smiling and seemingly contented as the people of Java, yet I like the hustle and hurry of these Singapore people best. Here are thousands of the sturdy Chinese, but they seem to have more get-up-and-go than in China. While I did not notice so many of the Japanese, the Indian, the Malay, the Burmese and a dozen other races are seen in full force.

I would not care to live in Singapore. The weather is too hot for American people. A real pest is the millions of little insects. In a Chinese shop I happened to look closely at the stone floor and it was almost like an ant hill, except the insects were so small that you could hardly see them. I was told that only two weeks before a gigantic snake twenty-two feet long got to the city hall in the heart of the city before it was dis-

covered; also a week before that occurrence one of these monster snakes was killed and when its body was cut open it contained a portion of a native woman's arm.

I went to see a Chinese temple that, it is said, cost millions of dollars, but I don't believe a word of it. It is also said that this temple was donated by one rich Chinaman, and I don't believe a word of that story either. If a Chinaman will drop counterfeit money along the road to the burial place of his father to fool the gods I don't believe any one of them will give millions of hard earned cash to build a temple to gods in whom they have such little confidence.

The road to this temple for half a mile or more was about the worst road I ever saw in English territory. It was along a filthy swamp where pigs and cattle and chickens and people live together in foul-smelling, filthy, fever-fested hovels in which an American farmer would not keep his hogs. It is hard to tell whether the images in this temple represent gods or demons.

I was much interested in the Methodist Publishing House in the city of Singapore. Two years before I saw Rev. Mr. Cherry, who has charge of this large enterprise, at the general conference of this church in my home city. He came as a delegate from Singapore to this conference and his people are doing a wonderful work on this island.

About the most interesting place I visited on the island was a rubber plantation about twelve miles from the city. This plantation belongs to one of the wealthiest Chinamen in Singapore. It

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is not only large in area, but well kept. Guards go continually through the forests to watch the native workers. The rubber trees are tapped a little like we used to tap the maple trees in the springtime when I was a lad. The milky looking substance runs into little cups which are emptied twice a day.

This milk-like substance from the rubber trees is mixed with some chemicals until it looks like thick flabby stuff in which state it enters the factory where it is rolled between great iron rollers that look a little like huge wringers. After it passes through a dozen or more of these machines it is almost as thin as coarse crepe paper and is almost white. It is then taken to drying rooms and hung up to dry. Then the sheets are smoked or colored and shipped to the great rubber houses of America and other countries.

It is interesting to see these black men climb cocoanut trees. They go up hand over hand like monkeys and seem to enjoy this work. A large cocoanut tree sometimes has from thirty-five to forty nuts at one time. I was told that a cocoanut tree produces about one crop of nuts per year.

I would like to say some things about the great tin smelting industry, which is one of the really great industries of Singapore, but it is impossible to tell about everything interesting. There are many government pawnshops, also, which are very interesting. The great Government House is an imposing structure located on a hill near the city. In fact the whole system of English government at Singapore is very interesting.

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A PHENOMENON

A colored preacher used the word phenomenon in his sermon. Some of the "Brederin" waited upon him after the service to know what "dat big word" might mean. He promised to "splain" it to their satisfaction.

The next Sunday brought a houseful to hear the explanation. The preacher said, "Well, if we were walkin' down de lane and we see a donkey there, it would not be a phenomenon, no that wouldn't be a phenomenon. Now if we saw a thistle bush by the way, that wouldn't be a phenomenon. If we saw a lark singin' in the sky, that wouldn't be a phenomenon. Oh, no, but if you were to see a donkey sitting on a thistle bush and singin' like a lark, that would be a phenomenon."

SHINES WHEN NEEDED

A darky declared that he liked the moon better than the sun. When pressed for the reason for this he said it was because the moon shines at night when it is needed.

Why do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.

Socrates said, "Those who want the fewest things are those nearest the gods."

Words are but the shadows of actions.



Photographs by Mr. Boyd

UPPER—OX TEAM IN SINGAPORE
 CENTER—A STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE
 LOWER—RAFFLES PLACE IN SINGAPORE



UPPER—A COCOANUT GROVE IN SINGAPORE
LOWER—BOTANICAL GARDEN IN SINGAPORE

CHAPTER XX

SINGAPORE TO RANGOON—1,117 MILES

THE sail from Singapore to Rangoon, Burma, was made without any striking incidents. Leaving the Singapore Strait we passed through the Strait of Malacca, then a thousand miles through the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal and into the Gulf of Martaban and then into the Rangoon River, one of the many mouths of the Irrawaddy, up twenty-six miles to the city of Rangoon.

When we reached the mouth of the Irrawaddy River our Omaha people felt perfectly at home, for the water looked like the water of the Missouri. This great river is almost the life of Burma. For a thousand miles its banks are alive with traffic and along this river and its tributaries a majority of the thirteen million people of Burma live.

The city of Rangoon contains about three hundred and fifty thousand people. It is not only the largest city in Burma, but is said to be the third largest seaport in all British India when it comes to volume of business.

Rangoon is a cosmopolitan city, covering some thirty-one square miles of territory. Its main business streets are wide, as a rule, and well paved and many of the buildings are very substantial. Some of the homes of the more well-to-do people are elegant. Some members of our party visited a million-dollar home of a rich Chinaman and declared that it was the most elegant and lavishly furnished home they had ever vis-

ited and these people have visited some of the finest homes in America.

Perhaps the most interesting experience I had in this Burmese capital city was a walk through its busy streets at night. Here were gathered not only the natives of the country but many people of other nationalities. They seemed to be having a great time, eating, trafficking, gossiping, smoking and having a general good time. The stone ovens and big kettles were all hot and while men were mixing dough with both hands and feet, rolling it and frying a sort of doughnut and making other delicacies people ate it with enjoyment.

Many of the children as well as some of the grownups were almost naked and seemed to be having a glorious time. Beggars were busy trying to arouse the sympathy of the more fortunate and I was accosted by a fairly well dressed Englishman in the crowd. The streets were poorly lighted, yet they were crowded with people, and so far as I could see there was no great disorder.

Hundreds of the poorer people were lying about wherever possible, having retired for the night. Some of these had a little something over them, but most of them were all but naked. The weather was very warm. As the Easter festival had only passed the day before, some of them were yet celebrating with the use of firecrackers and they seemed to enjoy this sport immensely.

Christian people can hardly think of Burma without thinking of Adoniram Judson, the great Baptist missionary. More than one hundred years ago he cast his lot with these people and the influence of his life is still manifest in Rangoon.

The splendid Baptist building in the heart of the city houses a great printing outfit and from these presses the printed page is scattered all over the country.

These Baptist people have thirty-one main stations in Burma besides many outstations and are doing a great work, as are several other religious denominations. Dr. Judson went to Burma in 1813 and worked six years before winning his first convert. In one hundred years there were one hundred and fifty thousand Protestant Christians in Burma.

One of the prettiest places in Rangoon is Dalhousie Park with its splendid lake system. The park covers about four hundred acres, one hundred and sixty of which are water, comprising many little lakes. Beautiful drives and walks, flowers and shrubbery, trees and vines and well kept gardens make this a most popular place, to say the least.

Near this park is located one of the finest temples that the sun shines upon. It is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which is said to be the most universally visited temple in all Indo-China. It is a Buddhist temple and is said to contain many of the relics of the founder of this religion. It is built upon an artificial hill which is nine hundred feet long, six hundred and eighty-five feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five feet high. This is surrounded by a wall and a deep moat which used to be kept full of water.

The temple itself is covered with gold and rises to the height of three hundred and seventy feet. It is claimed that the cap, or ball, on the extreme

top, has in it diamonds and that it alone cost two hundred thousand dollars.

The whole temple was built by voluntary labor, so they say, and subscriptions of money and jewels flowed in a continual stream from all parts of Burma for many years. At night this temple is brilliantly lighted up with electric lights and is a wonderful spectacle miles away. In the daytime it reflects the bright sunlight and is no less attractive.

Almost every time I have visited a temple where shoes and socks had to be removed a vow was registered never to do so again, but at this golden pagoda they came off once more. It is some job, too, to walk nearly a mile in one's bare feet, part of the way over stone that the burning sun has made hot, but hundreds of men and women of our party did it here.

First, one has to go up more than two hundred stone steps to get to the temple. Most of these steps, however, are covered over and the entire distance is literally lined with shops where the natives traffic in the name of the gods. Here they are, thousands of them, men, women and children, some of them (the children) stark naked, together with pups, chickens, fish, fruit, some of which was spoiled, filth of all description, ragged beggars, curiosity seekers and worshippers galore. We had to walk on this dirty, filthy, greasy, slippery, leprous stone highway to the top.

All the way we were besieged to buy their wares, children grabbing our clothes to pin on a flower and collect a fee. But on we went, puffing and mopping our faces, for the thermometer stood

at one hundred and eight in the shade. When the top was reached there was the greatest conglomeration of altars, images, shrines and sacred places we ever saw.

Those who were more fortunate found a guide who, with the silver key they furnished him, opened up the sacred inclosure of the big temple and had the privilege of going in where it was still hotter, but they came out bragging that they saw sights wonderful to behold. After we made this terrible journey barefooted and gave the boy who watched our shoes his pay he raised a storm because we did not give him twice as much.

They say this temple is never deserted. Thousands throng it by day and even in the wee small hours of the morning the chant of the worshippers is still heard. In all these temples it is said that there are many women and girls who have been married to the gods and live lives of shame to satisfy the passions of the priests, some of whom are no doubt good at heart, but most of them are bad as the worst.

It is too bad that space will permit only the bare mention of the sacred fish tank, the zoo, the big elephants that rolled logs around as though they were matches and played football to amuse us and of the men and women who spoiled their clothes to get upon the backs of the big beasts, the magicians and snake charmers, the native dancers, the wonderful hospital, the schools and libraries, the great saw mills, the tobacco industries, to say nothing of the monasteries, cantonments and a hundred more interesting things in Burma.

Space will not permit a further description of our stay in Rangoon. Although we stopped at the best hotels, some of our folks were heard to say, "Never again will you hear me kicking about the meals on the ship." A very unfortunate circumstance happened to one of our lady cruisers. She stepped into a hole and broke her ankle. She was placed upon a cot, taken to the dock, and then to the Empress of France, which was anchored three or four miles down the river, and the men had a time getting her up on a stairway at the side of the ship, but they did it safely and for the next three weeks she put in some very uncomfortable hours, to say the least.

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CHANGED SUBJECT TOO OFTEN

A dear old lady was very fond of borrowing books to read. Her friends, doubting if she could read so fast, gave her a dictionary to read. After a little she returned it and when asked how she liked it she replied, "Oh, yes, I liked it, but it changed the subject so often."

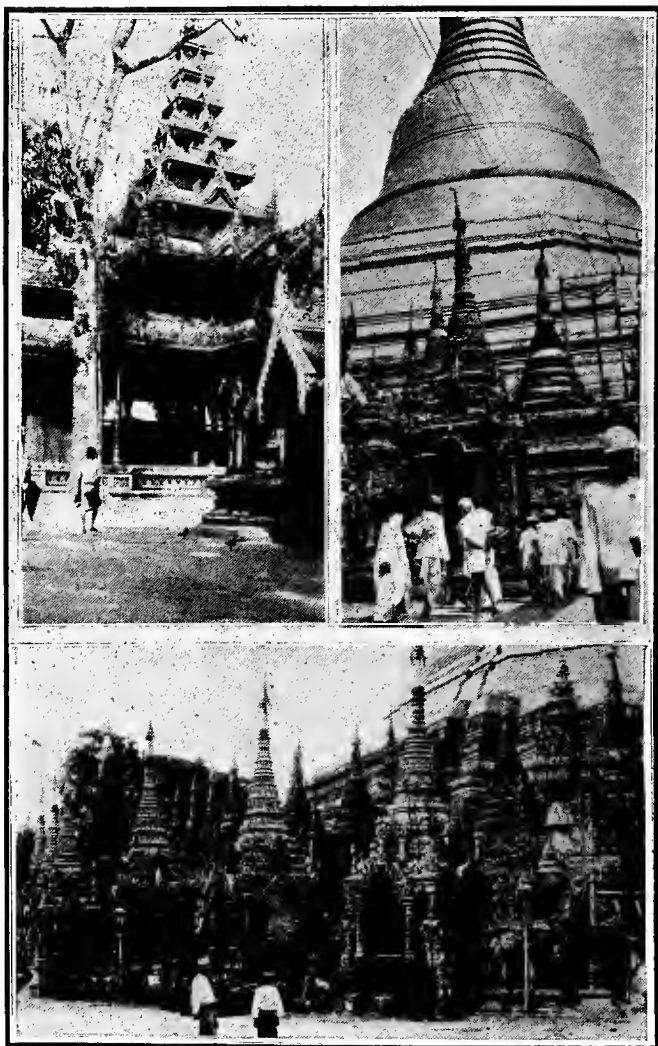
HE LIKED THE SPIRIT

A minister who had some

branded peaches sent him by some of the members of his flock. He sent them his thanks, saying he enjoyed them very much and especially the spirit in which they were sent.

EXTINCTED

A teacher asked her class to name a bird almost extinct. A small boy volunteered, "I know, it's our canary, the cat extincted it."



Photographs by Miss Mary Wilson

UPPER LEFT—GATE TO SHRINE

UPPER RIGHT—THE GOLDEN DOME

LOWER—THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—RANGOON



Photographs by Dr. Shastid, Miss Carmack and Dr. Powell

UPPER—STEPS TO GOLDEN PAGODA, RANGOON

CENTER—NATURE CHILDREN IN BURMAH

LOWER—AN ELEPHANT FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST, RANGOON

CHAPTER XXI

RANGOON TO CALCUTTA—830 MILES

IT IS about seven hundred and eighty miles from Rangoon to Diamond Harbor, which is at the mouth of the Hougli, one of the mouths of the Ganges River. Calcutta is nearly fifty miles up the river from Diamond Harbor.

Several things happened on the way from Rangoon to Calcutta that caused more or less uneasiness. First was the trouble with the steering machinery of the big ship. For a few hours it could hardly be managed and careened about like a drunken man, making half circles on the water. We were never told just what was the matter, but the ship was finally stopped and mechanics worked on her all night. Their efforts were successful, whatever the cause of the trouble might have been, for she then proceeded on her way.

But the really serious event was one of the greatest surprises imaginable. One morning when we arose notices were posted saying that a case of smallpox had broken out on board and that every man and woman on the ship must be vaccinated. The ladies were to submit to this in the forenoon and the gentlemen in the afternoon of that day.

It developed that as soon as the case was pronounced smallpox the authorities at Calcutta had been communicated with (we were then near the harbor at the mouth of the river) and they dispatched a fast boat with the necessary serum. This reached the ship during the early morning hours, but very few knew anything about it.

When we landed at Diamond Harbor health officers came on board and decided to allow us to land and proceed to the city of Calcutta.

The smallpox patient was the wife of a Baptist minister of Williamsport, Pa. It developed that this husband and wife had left the party on several occasions, had visited with natives in several countries and had slept one night in a native hut and had in this way contracted the disease. They were taken to the detention hospital in Calcutta and later to one of the homes of the missionaries. The case was a light one and we heard later on that they were out in three weeks.

When the great ship had anchored in Diamond Harbor we were taken on board three large river steamers which had come to meet us and take us to Calcutta. This ride up the Hougli River was very interesting, but it was also very hot. April is about the hottest month in India and we were there just in time to get the benefit of the extreme heat.

The country along the river is, of course, tropical. Part of it almost looks like a jungle. But the quaint Indian villages, where many signs of activity were noticeable, were very interesting. At one place the people were preparing to cremate a body. The corpse, covered with a white cloth, was on the river bank. The funeral pyre was being arranged, the wood piled in a certain way while some of the village folks, perhaps the mourners, were standing by watching the workers.

As we neared Calcutta we noted the great jute factories that almost line the river. China has a

monopoly on the manufacture of jute. Some of their clothes are made from it. All these factories were newly built, indicating that this is a new industry. There are nearly three million acres of this product cultivated in India at the present time.

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A JAZZ BAND

One lady declared that the choral union in her town was designated as, Dr. Lingo's jazz band.

PRUNES LARGER

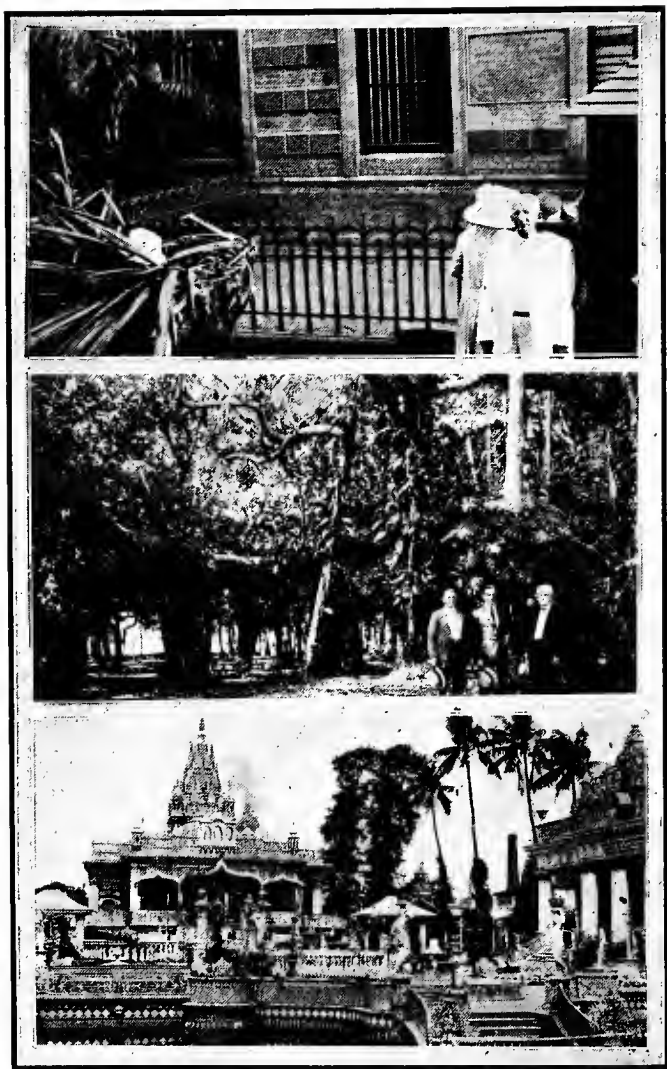
One lady told the chief steward that she would like to change from the "aft" to the "forward" dining saloon. When asked why

she wished to make this change, she said, "The prunes there are larger."

Manlike it is to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like it is to dwell
 therein,
 Christ-like it is for sin to
 grieve,
 God-like it is all sin to
 leave.



UPPER—MR. PAUL BOYD WITH TIGER AND KEEPER
 CENTER—A TIGER TRAP
 LOWER—A DEADLY SERPENT



Photographs by Mr. Boyd

UPPER—BLACK HOLE OF HISTORIC FAME—CALCUTTA
 CENTER—LARGEST BANYAN TREE IN THE WORLD
 LOWER—WONDERFUL JAIN TEMPLE IN CALCUTTA

CHAPTER XXII

CALCUTTA TO DARJEELING—400 MILES

AS THE first river steamer landed its passengers in Calcutta a special train was in waiting at the station to take one hundred and fifty of us to Darjeeling and the Himalayas. Automobiles were in waiting to take us to the station and the only stop was to let us get out and see all that can be seen of the famous—or rather infamous—Black Hole of Calcutta. In the brief description of this city later on attention will be called to this.

The cars on this special train were quite comfortable. The evening dinner was served on the dining car, and you may be sure we were all hungry. However, a good picnic luncheon had been prepared on the ship and was served to us while on the river steamer, this in addition to the soft drinks and sandwiches provided by the steamer and for which all had tickets.

India is a world within itself. The three hundred and twenty million people live almost wholly in villages. Only two cities in all this great country have a population of a million or more and not very many reach even the quarter of a million mark. Perhaps no people on earth are in such abject slavery. The caste system is a great curse. There are four great castes which are subdivided into twenty-five hundred small castes. Then the outcasts are in the worst condition of any.

There are nine million widows in India under fifteen years of age and a widow has practically no hope either in this life or the life to come. It is easy to understand why a widow would rather

throw herself on the funeral pyre of her husband and die rather than live, when you understand the condition of a widow. For one to even touch another of a lower caste is to be defiled.

The people of India speak one hundred and fifty languages and dialects. Until recently they had practically no roads. Even villages near each other often have no method of communication with each other. A famine may be sweeping people of a district away by thousands, and the people a few hundred miles away neither know nor care anything about it. Nearly all of the one hundred and fifty thousand lepers run at large. Twenty-one thousand people are killed annually by snakes. Two thousand are torn to pieces each year by wild beasts.

Our special train started at 3:15 p. m. The ride until dark was simply great. We got a glimpse of real jungle at times. For fifty miles or more the ground was very dry. The fields and gardens were parched. Yet people were in the fields preparing to plant. The villagers' houses are made of mud with thatched roofs. Hundreds of children wear no clothes and many grown up men nothing but a sort of loin cloth. At every station there were dirty, naked children begging. They swarmed around the diner. Native women wear great copper rings on their ankles, bracelets on their arms, and rings in their noses.

Bananas and mangos were in abundance. Palm trees as well as many others that grow in the tropics were noticeable. In a couple of hours we were out of this district and crossing a great plain that makes one think of the level land of western

Nebraska, but minus the sand. Poorly kept cattle and ox teams were frequently seen. Their plows are a crooked stick. When a man goes to the field he carries the plow on his shoulder or head. Most people carry their burdens on their heads.

Crows seemed to be everywhere. They and the cattle seem to be friends. One often sees a crow sitting on the shoulders of a cow or water buffalo. Cattle, as a rule, are all poor, some being hardly able to stand. Goats are plentiful. There are occasional monkeys in wooded districts. In the villages a good many chickens are raised, but they are all small. Eggs in India are but little larger than guinea eggs.

It was after dark when the train crossed the Ganges River. This is the sacred river of India. The people worship it and drink its filthy waters. Women used to throw their children into this river until the English government stopped the practice. It was giving their children to the god. Even the dead are sometimes buried in this river. Multiplied thousands of people bathe in the filthy water. The water is so polluted in places that even the fish and snails are filled with poison.

At Santahar we changed trains, from standard to narrow gauge. It was nearly ten p. m. Here we got into sleeping cars. They were fairly comfortable, yet the less said about them the better. Ordinarily in India travelers carry their own bedding, but in this case our manager furnished what we had. The only thing plentiful was towels, and I don't know yet why we had so many of these. Some little confusion prevailed, as some had sold

tickets to others. Berths were all assigned and sometimes men and women—strangers—were assigned to the same compartment. But soon all these things were arranged and we went on our way rejoicing or cursing. For one, I was happy. I drew a lower berth, but to accommodate others gave it up and went aloft; the main trouble was that when I sat up the roof of the car received a dent.

All were up at five o'clock, for we had reached Siliguri. Here we had the first breakfast, they call it Chota-Hazree. Here we changed to the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway. The track is just two feet wide. The cars are almost on the ground and each car—the large ones—has room for eighteen people. Some of the cars were open and only seated six people. Our one hundred and fifty people started from Siliguri on two special trains. Fifty were behind us on a regular train. After going about seven miles our trains were cut in two and thus we had six trains following each other up the mountains.

This railroad was built forty-two years ago. At that time it cost about six million dollars for the fifty-one miles. Up to 1920 about fifteen million dollars had been expended upon it. But it is a paying investment. In 1920, 263,082 passengers were carried and 61,704 tons of freight transported. In the up traffic, rice, flour, oil, coal, and general goods are carried, and in the down traffic, tea, seed, potatoes and fresh vegetables predominate and wool from Tibet is also sent this way.

In these mountains wild beasts abound. On one occasion some years ago a herd of wild ele-

phants got on the track and refused to budge and the engineer simply had to back his train to the next station and wait a while for them to go into the woods. In one community one hundred leopards have been killed during the past twenty years. The track loops the loop in a half dozen places. In one of these loops the radius is only fifty-nine feet. Several times the train is backed up on the zigzag track.

In a distance of thirty miles the train ascends about one and one-half miles. The scenery is simply beyond description. It has to be seen to be appreciated. I have crossed or seen the great mountain ranges of every continent except Australia. Really before this trip I felt that none could be more wonderful than the Canadian Rockies, but I take off my hat to the Himalaya mountains as the greatest in the world.

An added interest to this mountain scenery is the multiplied thousands of acres of tea plantations. For six thousand feet up most of these mountains are terraced and the green, well kept tea bushes glisten in the sunlight. Here is the place from which is shipped some of the most famous Indian tea. The bushes of some of these Himalayan tea gardens are more than sixty years old. Long before the railroad was built, this tea was world famous. The story of how this tea industry started and how they got it down the mountain sides is as interesting as a novel.

Darjeeling is a little mountain city containing some thirty thousand people. They are an interesting people. Some of them are strong and sturdy people, whose ancestors crossed the mountain passes from Tibet ages ago. Many of the

men wear long hair and it hangs in braids down their backs. But dirt and filth abound. Our train pulled into the station about one thirty in the afternoon. Although we had stopped twice during the forenoon for meals and eaten heartily, we were all hungry again.

The majority of our people were taken to the Mount Everest Hotel. Hundreds of rikisha men were ready to pull us, but it took four men, as a rule, to each one, for the hotel is much higher on the mountain than the station.

The Mount Everest is a great mountain hotel. It looks like it was built for millionaires. It was built in 1915 and has accommodations for about two hundred guests. Everything is very cheap in India. The rates in this hotel are from three to four dollars per day. I have been in hotels where the same accommodations would cost at least twenty-five dollars per day. During the season, about four months, this hotel is crowded to the limit, so the proprietor told me. He is a fine fellow and I like him.

The great sight in Darjeeling on Sunday is the Market Place. From the mountain villages all around the people bring their wares and products to this mart and it is a sight to see them. But I never saw more dirt among people. None of them are clean. They have nearly everything imaginable for sale. The farmer folk, of course, have their vegetables, fowls and live stock. The workers in copper have prayer-wheels, images and trinkets. The jewelers have their chains and rings, beads and all sorts of things. The musicians and dancers go around and when a vendor

thinks it worth while he hires them to play and thus attract a crowd, and yet the whole great market place looks like one solid mass of people.

After the intense heat of the tropics for a solid month, it was a wonderful relief to get into the mountains where you wanted to hover around the fireplaces in the large hotel. When the evening dinner was over the natives entertained the visitors with their odd but interesting dances and stunts. But on account of the coming day, which was to be rich in sightseeing, all wanted to retire and get some needed rest.

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GETTING THE TURKEY

An old darkey was asked for his observations regarding prayer and its answer. "Well, sah, some pra'as is answered and some isn't—'pends on what you' ask fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de colored brudren, I 'bsarved dat whenebber I pray de Lo'd sen' one o' Massa Payton's fat turkeys fo' de ole man, dere was no notice took ob' de petition; but w'en I pray dat he would sen' de ole man fo' de turkey, de thing was 'tended to befo' sunup nex' mornin' dead sartin."

"There ain't no door, and
there ain't no gate;
There ain't no folks that's
got to wait
Till I get there, if I'm ten
years late;
Git along Britain, git
along."

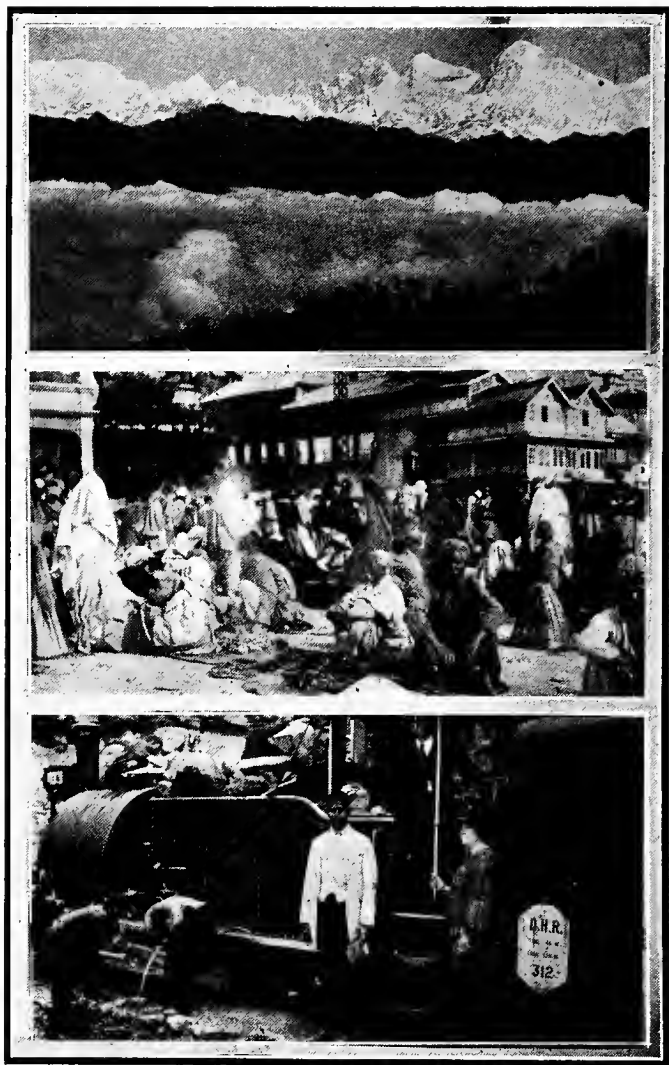
AN EMBLEM OF LOVE

The Taj Mahal is the fairest emblem of love and devotion ever erected by the hands of man. It is peerless. It is sublime. It far surpasses anything of its kind in existence. It is the wonder of marble creations, a great white dream.

AKBAR THE GREAT

Akbar introduced solar reckoning and the Persian calendar. Up to his day there was a tax upon those who did not profess the tenets of Islam, but he abolished this. When he erected a building he required an estimate with every item provided for. He had seven wives and wore seven suits of clothes of different colors during the week.

Oft hath a whole city
reaped the evil fruits of
one bad man or woman.



Photographs by Mr. Lyman

UPPER—MOUNT EVEREST, HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON EARTH
CENTER—A MARKET SCENE IN DARJEELING
LOWER—MOUNTAIN RAILWAY ENGINE IN INDIA



Photographs by Mr. Boyd

UPPER—KALI TEMPLE IN CALCUTTA

CENTER—SACRIFICING GOATS IN KALI TEMPLE

LOWER—RUINS AT SARNATH, WHERE BUDDHA SENT FORTH HIS
TEACHING

CHAPTER XXIII

DARJEELING TO COLUMBO—1,600 MILES

A LITTLE before two o'clock the bells summoned all out of bed. A steaming breakfast of poached eggs, bacon, tea and toast was hastily eaten. Hundreds of natives with ponies, rikishas, and sedan chairs were all ready to take us to the top of Tiger Hill, seven miles away, to see the sunrise on the greatest mountains on the earth. In the darkness I found a pony that I liked and was soon mounted and ready for the journey. The sky seemed cloudless and the stars were twinkling, the air clear and uncomfortably cool for those who had not been wise enough to wear winter clothing. Having on winter underwear and a heavy overcoat, I was as comfortable as could be.

Perhaps a hundred people chose to pay extra for a rikisha or chair rather than ride a pony as our manager provided. It took four men to one person, and they had a very hard time at that. One big man hired eight men to carry him and declared he had an eight cylinder car in which all eight worked like a charm.

These two hundred world cruisers made a great spectacle with the lights and shouting natives as they zigzagged up the mountain single file. The roadway was narrow and rough in places, but by 5:30 nearly all had reached the top. On the steps of the pavilion high as the highest, except one man who had climbed to the top of the central post, this writer was ready for one of the greatest sunrises that human eyes ever gazed upon.

A great dark cloud was slowly rising in the

northeast. We could look down into the valley nearly eight thousand feet below and as the tea gardens and villages appeared, the sight was wonderful to behold. Yonder were the snowy peaks of Jannu and Kanchengunga lifting their heads more than twenty-eight thousand feet, and those of us who were fortunate to be there first had two or three looks that we never shall forget. The cloud was slowly rising and soon these peaks were hidden from view.

In the meantime curtains of fog were rolled down upon us and for a few moments all was mist. Then for a moment the curtain would be lifted and it was just like gazing into another world. At one time, and only for a moment, just as a guide was pointing to where Mount Everest was located, the curtain was lifted and he said, "There it is." Only a few of us actually saw this peak which pierces the sky at 49,004 feet above the sea—the highest mountain peak in the world.

When the mists were rolled away for a few moments at a time we looked down upon the great banks of beautifully colored clouds below. Before we saw the sun at all the changing colors of the clouds above were glorious and when the sun did peep through, it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. As long as mind is clear and reason is upon its throne, the memory of that wonderful sunrise seen from Tiger Hill will stand out as one of the greatest sights of my life.

Reaching the hotel at 8:30, a second breakfast was awaiting us and the forenoon was spent in visiting interesting places. After the noon luncheon all were ready for the trip down the moun-

tainside, and before we entered the sleepers at 10 p. m. two meals were served us at hotels, so our manager had provided five meals for the long day. Calcutta was reached a little past noon the next day, and we had little time for sightseeing.

The city of Calcutta is built upon a foundation that is almost unreal. Dig down twenty feet and the vegetable matter indicates an old land surface. Go down ten feet more and the stumps of old trees have been found. Yet it is an old city with an interesting history.

Perhaps the chief sight, as far as buildings are concerned, is the Victoria Memorial which was dedicated by the Prince of Wales in 1921. It is located in a large park and a fine statue of Queen Victoria is in front of the building. It took sixteen years to complete the building and it cost millions of dollars. While I have no criticism for the English government, yet to the visitor of India who finds out that the appropriation for education is so small and the people so ignorant, one wonders why so much money and labor should be put into a great memorial building like this.

Perhaps the greatest natural wonder in the city is the great Banyan Tree, said to be the largest in India. It is a thousand feet around the outside of this tree and there are some two hundred aerial branches. Some of these are quite large and as straight as they can be. The Indians claim they have the largest mint in the world in Calcutta. It covers eighteen and one-half acres of ground.

Perhaps the greatest historical sight in the city is the place where the Black Hole was located. This was a prison. Perhaps to say a prison cell

would be better, for it was fourteen by eighteen feet, simply a good sized room. There were no windows except a few small openings near the top. One terrible night one hundred and forty-six English prisoners were dumped into this hole. The weather was terribly hot, and when the next morning dawned, only twenty-three of these were alive. The story of that night, as told by one of the survivors, is one of the most horrible stories I ever read.

Perhaps the most thrilling things witnessed by any of our cruisers was the sacrificing of the goats at the temple of Kali. The court was thronged with a motley crowd. There were beggars galore. A Champa tree is full of colored threads with a lock of hair that women have taken from their heads and tied to the branch, thinking that this will make them mothers of sons. The blood of the slain goats and animals mingled with all the filth of the place is sickening. Crows and buzzards circle above to claim their portion. The meat offered to the gods is given to the poor and they are there by the hundreds to receive it.

The Jain Temples are altogether different. The Jains are the wealthy people of Calcutta and they have three temples. Their chief maxim translated into English means "Regard for life is the highest virtue." They will not willingly deprive any creature of life. They are few in number, but their temples are perhaps the most beautiful of all heathen temples.

I wanted to tell something of the Burning Ghat where hundreds of bodies of the dead are burned out in the opening for a mere pittance; of the Botanical Garden which some of our cruisers de-

clared is the finest in the world; of the Towers of Silence where the Parsees lay the bodies of the dead that vultures may pick the flesh from the bones; of the Marble Palace with its wonderful paintings and ghostlike echoes; of the Duel Grounds made famous by Warren Hastings and Philip Francis; of the Government House which is said to be the most imposing building of its kind in all India; and of many other interesting places in this city, which covers forty-five square miles of territory; but already my space is exhausted.

Boarding the river steamer we went forty-five miles down the river to our floating home, arriving at dusk. At four in the morning the ship started on the 1,244 mile trip to Columbo, which is on the island of Ceylon. About eight the next morning we struck a sandbar and in making a sudden turn the ship listed so that dishes rolled from the tables and water came into the port-holes below and ruined clothing and drenched everything. We were compelled to anchor and wait all day long for the incoming tide before it was at all safe to proceed. This was once that for a half minute I was scared, for it seemed that the great ship was going to turn turtle.

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No. 23

RETAIL BAD SPIRITS

In the days of the corner saloon this was asked, "Where would the devil get a new tail if he should lose his?" "Why, at the corner saloon of course, because there they retail bad spirits."

NO IDEA OF DISTANCE

A man who was persuaded to try some "near beer" for the first time declared that the man who called that stuff "near beer" had no real idea of distance.

THE COMING INCOME

Some of our cruisers, after encircling the globe, as they came nearer home looked as if they might meet their income coming in.

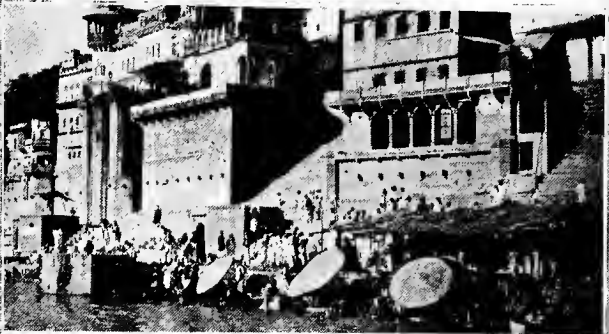
INDIA, THE LAND OF CONTRASTS, HAS

More people and fewer homes, more men and less manhood, more marriages and less love, more children and less childhood, more rivers and less water, more fields and less fodder, more meadows and less grass, more cows and less milk, more cattle and less beef, more hides and less tallow, more people and less food, more gardens and fewer vegetables, more doctors and less medicine, more diseases and fewer cures, more bathing and less cleanliness, more philosophy and less culture, more religion and less mercy, more temples and less worship, more praying

and less prayer, more gods and less God, more languages and less speech, more noise and less music, more toil and less playing, more sorrow and less weeping, more pain and less pleasure, more terror and less joy, more smiles and less laughter, more beggars and less giving, more widows, more lepers, more castes and more outcasts, more palaces, more ruins, more wild animals, more serpents, more priests, more idols, more magicians, more fakes and more fakers, more to do and less doing than any country on the earth.

A WONDERFUL CENTURY

The sixteenth was a wonderful century in India. More energy was expended than ever before or since. It was an era of great prosperity as work always brings prosperity sooner or later.



Photographs by Mr. Boyd

UPPER—BRINGING BODY TO BE BURNED

CENTER—BURNING GHAT AT BENARES

LOWER—BATHING IN THE SACRED GANGES AT BENARES



Photographs by Miss Wilson and Mr. Lyman

UPPER—OX CART IN COLUMBO, CEYLON
 CENTER—POTTERY SHOP IN COLUMBO
 LOWER—BOTANICAL GARDEN AT KANDY

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON

WE ARRIVED at Columbo, Ceylon, about eight-thirty on a Sunday morning. It was the hottest morning of one of the hottest days in this hot country. It is too bad that we could not have visited this wonderful island at a more favorable time. After our experiences in Calcutta, and a hot trip of more than twelve hundred miles, many with inflamed arms made so by the enforced vaccination, and a goodly number too ill to leave the ship, but few were in the best of humor.

The only thing to do was to get into a rikisha and go to the Galle Face Hotel, which all did. Some of us tried to find a church service. We found that the Methodist church have services at half past eight, and were out and gone. The Scotch Presbyterian people had closed their church for the day and gone up to Kandy to some sort of a convention. The Episcopal church was not far away, but it was hot, so back to the hotel we went. It was too hot in the sun to stir.

The Galle Face Hotel is the finest on the island. It is a magnificent structure on the seashore where the waves of the sea are always interesting. It has accommodations for five hundred guests. But you cannot get a drink of water, and you are pestered to buy liquor. At the noon luncheon we called for ice water a half dozen times, but did not get it. Some few were more fortunate, but they had to pay for it, which some refused to do. I noticed that the second day they served it sparingly, but did not attempt to charge for it. No

coffee or tea is on the luncheon menu, and if I were to go back to Columbo a hundred times I would not stop at this hotel.

The Singhalese are brown-skinned, rather genteel people. As a rule, the natives wear long hair combed back like a woman's and with a tortoise shell comb in it. This comb is their badge and only the natives wear it. They wear a sort of a jacket over a flowing white cotton gown. You can hardly keep from feeling that the men are women.

The one diversion for these hot hours was the magicians and snake charmers who entertained those who cared to watch them. They were out in front of the hotel in the hot sun, but did not seem to mind the heat. They beat the world. How they plant a seed and in fifteen minutes grow a mango bush with its bright green leaves sparkling is a genuine mystery to this writer.

In another trick a woman played a prominent part. There was quite a large basket with a small opening. The woman was placed upon it with her hands tied to her head, a curtain spread over all. You could see the curtain wiggle. In two minutes it was lifted and the woman was in the basket. Then the conjurer stepped his foot in the basket and it seemed to go to the bottom of it. Then he took an old sword and jabbed it to the bottom and all around, placed the lid upon it and fastened it. Then spread his curtain over it for a couple of minutes, took it off, unfastened the lid and the woman wriggled out. She looked like she had been in a turkish bath.

Another trick was to take a boy and tie a cloth around him, run a rope through the cloth. There

was some sort of a hook on each end of the rope which the conjuror hooked into his eyes and not only lifted the boy, but carried him a few feet. Other seemingly impossible tricks were performed and the deadly, flatheaded serpents handled as though they were harmless. I noticed, however, that the snake charmer was a little careful how he handled one of the snakes.

The ride around Columbo, the hour or two down at the Mount Lavinia bathing beach, the visit to the museum where there are so many relics from the buried cities of Ceylon, the parks, Cinnamon gardens, all were interesting. But the ride through the villages out to the Kelani Temple was the most enjoyed by the writer. The native people, their homes, their shops, their work, their peculiar customs, all are more interesting than anything man can make.

The bane of the visit is the problem of begging. Children naked or half-naked run by the side of the auto for a block singing "It's a long way to Tipperary," holding out their hands, old and young, and saying "Money, money;" it is an eternal lot of beggars everywhere. You cannot look in any direction on any part of the inhabited island without there being people who are trying to get your eye and ask for money.

Although it is specifically stated that our manager pays all tips, yet you cannot eat a meal, get a drink, ride in a rikisha or auto without them expecting a tip. Even native guides paid by the manager actually ask you for tips. Go into a temple and the dirty priests ask for money at every turn. Children not old enough to talk hold out their little dark hands for tips. Yet the football

grounds were open and the game free for all. It was a lively game, too, that some of us saw. Officials, however, are mostly English and they are very courteous and polite, as a rule.

The experience that will live longest in the minds of many and by far the most interesting day of the three spent on the island was the journey to Kandy. It is about seventy-five miles from the port and located up in the mountains where the air is cooler. Every moment of the ride is interesting. The cars on the special train were comfortable, clean and not crowded. Water and clean towels were in every car and often a lavatory and wash room with each compartment.

The tropical jungle land is rich and most of it which is not cleared for rice paddies is covered with cocoanut, banana, rubber, tea, mango, jack-fruit or some other food producing trees or shrubbery. Flowering bushes and trees add a splendid touch to the natural beauty. Then when the train reaches the spot where another engine must be added, as the ascent is rapid, the twenty-five mile ride is one of the most beautiful on earth. Here is one of the most wonderful areas of mountain terraces I ever saw. Here is where the world-famous Lipton Tea is grown. It is simply impossible to describe this scenery, and to attempt such a thing is folly.

Add to all the beauty, both natural and artificial, here again the most interesting thing of all is the native village life of these humble people, whose skill along certain lines is marvelous. The way the fingers of the women fly among the tea bushes as well as when making lace is wonderful to behold. Then, when the train stopped, a large

elephant, with the usual crowd of natives around it, walked along holding his trunk up to the windows begging for some delicacy that some of the passengers could supply.

Speaking of elephants, Ceylon is the natural home of these huge beasts. The way these wild elephants are trapped by the natives is ingenious, to say the least. When once captured they are, as a rule, easy to tame and train. They seem to like the native people and can be made to do most anything. In the temples they will kneel like devout worshippers and do all sorts of amusing things. They also like to get into the water for a bath and have a great time.

At Kandy we had two meals at the Queen's Hotel in a little more than three hours. We got in late and had to leave early, as the ship was to sail at eleven the same night. Of course we saw the wonders in the Botanical Garden. Such delicate plants and spices, flowers and vines are rarely found anywhere else in such profusion, for Ceylon is the Garden of the World. But we were so fed up on temples that even Buddha's Tooth had but little attraction. The ride to the top of the hill in a rikisha, where the cocoanut-palm, the Chinese bamboo, the mahogany and a hundred other kinds of trees, some of which are seen nowhere else, the flowering, creeping vines—well, if the Garden of Eden is on earth it is there.

Interesting as it all is, space will only permit a few facts about Ceylon in general and Columbo in particular. The island is about half as large as the state of New York and shaped like a pear. It is only twenty-two miles from the mainland of India—to the south—and is very near the

equator. In addition to the natural and artificial beauty, it was the home of a very ancient civilization. Its resurrected cities and ruins of temples are still the marvel of archaeologists.

The great "tanks" or reservoirs in the mountains show that the people were thoughtful in providing almost a limitless water supply. There is a wealth of silent majesty in these ruins, as someone has said. The story of the introduction of Buddhism into Ceylon some three hundred years B. C. was such a religious revival as the world had never before seen at that time, according to one author. There was one Brazen Palace that had a thousand rooms, covered an area of two hundred thirty-two square feet and sixteen hundred of its monolith stratified pillars can be seen to this day. They actually tell us that there is a Bo-tree there more than twenty-two hundred years old and that one point on the island, Adam's Peak, is a special point of religious adoration today to eight hundred million people, or one-half of the human race.

The population of Ceylon is four and one-half million, about two-thirds of whom are Singhalese. There are only about eight thousand Europeans. There are only thirty-three towns of any size, nearly the entire population living in villages. Nine hundred thousand acres are planted in cocoanuts and four hundred thousand acres in rubber trees. There are more than twelve hundred tea estates comprising an area of four hundred thousand acres. There are forty thousand acres in cinnamon trees. There are about eight hundred thousand acres in rice. Fifty years ago

Ceylon was one of the great coffee countries of the world, but now she has less than seven hundred acres in this product.

Columbo is many times larger than any other city on the island and it has a population of two hundred forty-four thousand. Kandy is the fourth largest city on the island and it only contains thirty-two thousand six hundred people. Columbo has many good buildings and beautiful drives, but has only eight miles of street railway, the rikisha being the most common method of transportation. The harbor contains about six hundred and fifty acres in area and the shallowest water is about thirty feet deep. It is one of the finest harbors we found on our trip around the world.

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

MAY

No. 24

GOOD PLACE FOR HANGING

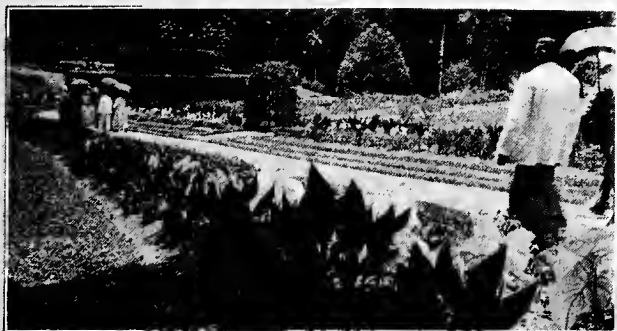
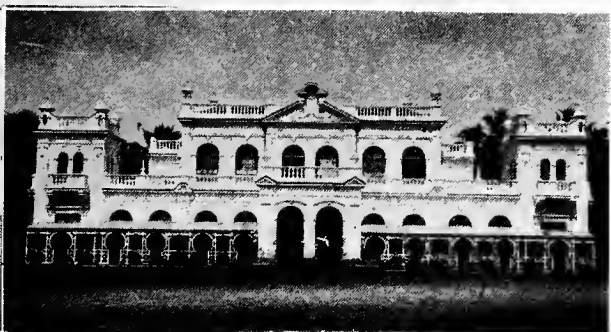
A poor woman, whose husband had hung himself in the garret of their house, was very much depressed. One neighbor cautioned a neighbor who was not very tactful to be careful not to mention the woman's misfortune when she called upon her. She declared she would be very careful.

A little later when the visit was paid the conversation was pleasant until the visitor asked, "Have you got your washing out this week?" "No," replied the depressed woman, it has rained so much and I

have no place to hang my clothes." "But," said the friend, never thinking how it would sound, "You have such a good hanging place in your garret." Oh, good-by.

Go where you will, the wise
man is at home,
His hearth is the earth, his
hall the azure dome.

When Israel was from
bondage led,
Led by the Almighty's
hand
From out of a foreign land,
The Red Sea beheld, and
fled.



Photographs by Dr. Powell

UPPER—MISS KONITSKY AND SOME NEWLY FORMED FRIENDS
 CENTER—A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING IN COLUMBO
 LOWER—BOTANICAL GARDEN IN CEYLON



Photographs by Dr. Powell, Mr. Boyd and Dr. Herman

UPPER LEFT—MUSEUM AT BOMBAY

UPPER RIGHT—TOWER OF SILENCE

(Only picture of Tower of Silence taken by our party and Dr. Herman was kind enough to furnish it for this book)

LOWER—STEPS AND GATE OF TOWERS OF SILENCE

CHAPTER XXV

COLUMBO TO AGRA—1,690 MILES

THE nine hundred miles from Columbo to Bombay was made without any extraordinary incident or excitement. Arriving at Bombay we all went to the Taj Mahal Hotel, which is one of the most imposing buildings in this great city of a million people. It is conveniently located and is one of the finest and most up-to-date hotels in the eastern world. Its manager is a courteous gentleman who insisted on stopping his work for a few minutes to talk to an American stranger. After enduring the intense heat for many days our company was one of the hardest to please he ever handled, but I enjoyed his optimism and his good temper as he tried to straighten out some of the perplexing difficulties.

Bombay is the natural gateway to India. The city is located on an island called by the same name. It contains twenty-eight square miles. Thirty years ago the population was almost as great as at present. About every decade the plague becomes epidemic and people die like flies. In 1906 one hundred and fourteen thousand people died. Thousands of others left the city. In the course of a year or two people forget about the plague and come back. Now it is just about in the million class again. But the plague is almost everywhere in India, that is, in the larger cities. It is a good thing that most of the people of India live in villages. She has three hundred thousand villages and only ten cities with above two hundred thousand people each.

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The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were classed among the seven wonders of the world, but I doubt if they were any more beautiful than the Hanging Gardens of Bombay. These are on the top of Malabar Hill. My! what an array of flowers, plants and shrubs! What wonderful walks and elevated trellis vines growing on frames making places like "lovers' nooks!" But the lovers were absent. There is but little love making in India. There are nine million widows in India under sixteen years of age.

I saw a wedding party get off one of the regular trains in India. The people were evidently well-to-do. The bride was a mere child. When they got off the train the husband carried her in his arms like a little child. A rug bearer led the procession into the depot. He laid the rug down on the floor near the door. The husband set his child bride down upon the rug as though she were a handbag. Her whole body was covered with a rich cloth embroidered in silver and gold. No one saw her face. The husband was dressed in a red costume such as the Hindus wear. His slippers were especially fine. After he set his bride down on the floor he went and sat down on a box. A band was with them. Among the instruments was a large bass drum. An official told me that the bride was likely about twelve years of age.

Not far from the Hanging Gardens on Malabar Hill are the world famous Towers of Silence where the Parsees dispose of the bodies of their dead. The Parsees are the rich aristocracy of Bombay. They are the big business men and many of them live in magnificent homes. They are followers of Zoroaster, who was the founder of the Persian religion. It was from this sect that the

Wise Men came from the East to Jerusalem to see the new born king. There are about seventy thousand of these Parsees in Bombay.

To the followers of this religion fire is sacred, so the bodies of the dead cannot be cremated. The earth is also sacred and cannot be polluted by burying the dead in it. So the bodies of the dead are taken to the top of the "Towers of Silence" and the vultures devour the flesh from the bones. The bodies are always taken to these towers about eight in the morning and five in the evening. The guide said that these vultures know the time to the minute and are always ready on the dot.

The bodies are brought to the gateway wrapped in a clean white cotton cloth. This cloth need not be new, but is required to be clean. At the gate the body is taken on a stretcher borne by four white-robed, white-gloved priests upon their shoulders up the long, winding stone stairway to the top of the hill. Here is a most beautiful garden with flowers blooming. Among the buildings is quite a large chapel where certain ceremonies for the dead are observed. Of course the relatives and mourners have accompanied the body to this point.

After all the ceremonies and chants are over, the white-robed "carriers of the dead" take the body to the top of one of the circular towers, something like a gigantic silo, and lay it upon the iron grating. If a child it is laid near the center; if a woman it is placed in the middle, and if a man the body is placed near the outer rim of the circle. The birds are always ready, but they make no move until the men leave. As soon as the men step out, however, the battle of the beaks begins.

Hundreds of these vultures fight over the carrion and in a couple of hours the bones are stripped clean. After lying in the sun a short time these carriers of the dead throw them down into the bottom of the tower, some chemicals are used and the bones are soon dissolved.

There are five of these towers. There is an average of three bodies placed upon these towers every day in the year. No one is allowed to go near these "Towers of Silence" except the white-robed priests. They receive good pay for their work, but I cannot understand how it does them any good, for they are not allowed to mingle with other people only as this gruesome business brings them in contact with mourners for the dead. It matters not how rich a man is, his body goes to the towers just as the body of a pauper. The charge for disposing of a body in this way is only nominal, from three to six dollars of our money.

You can tell a Parsee by his hat, if in no other way. He wears a black, slick, shiny cap. He is fairer of face than the native Indian. Practically all Indians have their marks of distinction. The Mohammedan wears his red fez. The Hindu his turban. The Brahman wears his peculiar mark on his forehead. The Sikh wears a head gear with a little sword upon the top. The Bengali goes bareheaded, and thus every man is tagged in some way.

The Hindu will not drink water out of a cup used by a Mohammedan. He would be defiled to touch the cup. At the railway stations you will see the sign, "Drinking water for Hindus," and not far away another, "Drinking water for Mohammed-

dans." During the world war the young men of each of these religions mingled together like brothers. All these things were forgotten. But the moment the Hindu got home he at once went back to his old customs and scornfully refused to touch anything that a Mohammedan had handled.

From the top of Malabar Hill one has a most remarkable view of the great city of Bombay. Seen from this distance it is a beautiful city. But get down into its native filthy streets among the cattle, carts, water sprinklers, beggars, filth and dirt, it is altogether different. Of course if you go into the English section it is fine. Broad streets, beautiful drives and parks, splendid buildings, hotels, banks and business houses, all of which make you think of London or Liverpool.

A very interesting place to me was the Burning Ghat, where the Hindus and others burn the bodies of their dead. I had not before had a near view of these funeral pyres. A wall surrounds the place and it is sometimes difficult to get permission to get in. The pyre itself is an iron frame which will hold nearly half a cord of wood. There are four iron standards, one at each corner. Perhaps two-thirds or three-fourths of the wood is piled up and then the body put on. Here at Bombay the legs of the corpse are broken and doubled back so the feet do not stick out. When all is ready the chief mourner lights the fire. In a couple of hours there is nothing but ashes. There were five bodies burning the afternoon I was there.

About six miles from Bombay is Elephanta Island which is about five miles in circumference. At the old landing stage there used to stand a huge stone elephant which was thirteen feet long and

about seven and a half feet high. On this island is a wonderful cave, at the entrance of which we are told used to stand a great monolithic horse of large proportions.

This great cave temple is now world famous and, of course, one of the show places of Bombay. In it is one of the most noted collections of Hindu carving in existence. The cave is more than a hundred feet long and nearly a hundred feet wide. There are six rows of pillars, some of which have upon them most wonderful carving. Space forbids a further description of this wonderful cave.

It is eight hundred and forty miles from Bombay to Agra. The weather was intensely hot. On this account the ride was tiresome and unpleasant to most people. However, the scenes along the railway were interesting. The ground was very dry and parched. How the cattle live is a mystery, for there was nothing in sight for them to eat. The streams, except the largest rivers, were practically all dry. About the only kind of work in progress was threshing wheat.

This threshing process was done by the oldest and crudest methods known. They were the same used in Bible times. In most cases oxen are used to tramp out the grain. How either people or cattle could live in the hot sun is a mystery. No wonder the Indian people are almost black. Such heat would turn anything black, especially when it is mixed with so much dirt.

Several kinds of wild animals were sighted. I saw deer, monkeys and peacocks. Some saw antelope and other animals such as hyenas. The village people were interesting. They live in mud huts, sometimes without any windows, and practi-

cally all without furniture. The people are very poor and nearly all are beggars. But few of them have anything like enough to eat and all are hungry.

The redeeming feature about this long railway journey was that the nights were quite cool.

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MAY

No. 25

THE LITTLE HINDU

There is a little Hindu
He does the best he kin do;
There are no clothes where
 he grows,
So he makes his little skin
 do.

REVISED VERSION

The poor benighted Hindu
He does the best he kin do.
He sticks to his caste from
 first to last,
And for pants he makes his
 skin do.

INDIA'S CORAL STRANDS

In Bombay one of our
cruisers, feeling a little

sentimental, asked another,
"Have you seen any of India's coral strands?" "Oh, yes," replied the other, "I just bought two dandy strings for a rupee at the curio store around the corner."

What a strange thing is
man! and what a stranger
is woman!

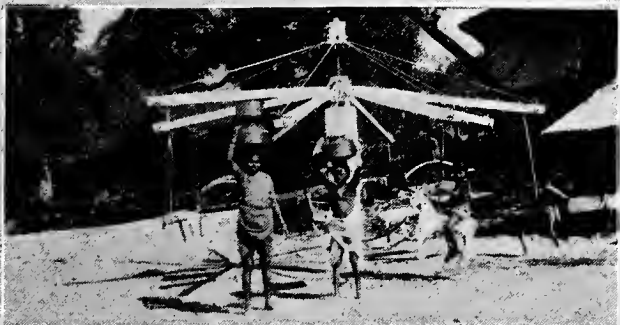
Difficulties are the things
that show what men are.

Time is the image of
eternity. It is the soul of
the world.



Photographs by Mr. Fellows and Rev. Glick

UPPER—SCENE ON MALABAR HILL
CENTER—GATEWAY TO THE TAJ MAHAL
LOWER—THE TAJ MAHAL



Photographs by Miss Carmack and Dr. Powell

UPPER—AN INDIAN SNAKE CHARMER
 CENTER—AN INDIAN MERRY-GO-ROUND
 LOWER—BUILDINGS IN BOMBAY

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TAJ MAHAL

AT HALF PAST THREE in the morning people in the sleeping cars began to get up and dress. The train was to reach Agra a little past four. All were to have first breakfast in the diner and drive out three or four miles to see the Taj Mahal at sunrise. It was rather an anxious time for most of us. We had paid our \$100.00 for the ticket, endured the heat that was almost unbearable on a railway journey of eight hundred and forty miles, and the chief sight was to be the Taj.

I may say that this side trip was to include a visit to Delhi, the capital of India, but the dreaded plague had become epidemic there. People were dying by the hundred and leaving the city by the thousand. We were not so much afraid of the plague, but were to go from Bombay to Egypt and it was very doubtful that we would be allowed to stop in the land of the Pharaohs coming from a plague-stricken city. Of course the plague is always raging in India, but it is not always epidemic.

I said some of us were anxious. Personally I believed the accounts of the Taj Mahal had been exaggerated. But nearly everyone who has seen this tomb says it is the "sight of India," that it is the most wonderful building on earth, and now we were to soon behold it with our own eyes. It did not take me long to finish breakfast. We were to make the trip in carriages and the roads were very dusty. When I walked alone over to the station house one of the native guides tipped it off to me that they had quite a number of automobiles to be used after the carriages were filled.

With a sort of a guilty feeling I simply walked past all the carriages in the darkness and got into an auto. Maybe that was not the thing to do, but I did it. Later in the day I tried to atone for it by getting into a carriage, allowing someone who rode in a carriage in the morning to have my place in the auto, but I got the worst of that deal all around, and would not do it again, for I paid as much for that trip as anybody, and if I were fortunate enough to get into an auto again I would do it.

It was still dark when we reached the gateway to the Taj. It will be necessary to explain a little at this point. This great gateway is made of red sandstone inlaid with white marble. It is a huge affair and on the top are twenty-six white marble cupolas. Passing through the gateway you enter a wonderful garden in which are flowers, shrubs and large cedar trees. At the other end of this garden stands the Taj Mahal itself.

This has been pronounced by experts, "The most beautiful building in the world." Another says, "It can only be described as a dream in marble." But hear Lord Roberts, the old warrior of England, whom you would hardly think would be moved by the beauty of any building. He says, "Neither words nor pen can give to the most imaginative reader the slightest idea of the all satisfying beauty and purity of this glorious conception. To those who have not seen it I would say, 'Go to India. The Taj alone is well worth the journey.'"

By this time the day was beginning to dawn. The hoot owls were hooting and the screech owls were screeching. Birds were opening the day with their sweetest songs. From the gateway to the Taj is a wide channel of water in the marble re-

ceptacle. I would have loved to see the twenty-three fountains play, but did not. Walking alone over to the great marble-faced platform which is eighteen feet high and three hundred and thirteen feet square, I went up the stairway to the top.

Just before me was this "dream in marble" which is one hundred and eighty-six feet square, and the main dome of which is two hundred and twenty feet high to the top of the dome. At each corner stands a tapering minaret one hundred and sixty-two feet high. As I walked up the steps the dawn was sufficient that the white marble palace with the minaret at each corner seemed almost too wonderful to be real.

Walking up to the great arch-gateway, which is sixty-six feet high, a priest met me and salaamed, inviting me inside. As we came to the tomb, which is just beneath the central dome eighty feet above, the priest gave his morning call, "Allah, Allah," with about a dozen words something like a morning song. When he finished the echo of his voice rose higher and higher until it sounded as clear and beautiful as the most finely tuned violin. The dying away of that harmonious high note was one of the most wonderful sounds that ever came to my ears. It was so thrilling that my whole being seemed lifted to the skies. Never before have I had such an experience. That moment in the tomb alone with the priest was one of the most inspiring moments I ever lived, and even before the sun came up I felt repaid a hundred times for all the hardships of the long journey to Agra.

Then going around the dark circular narrow stairway to the top of one of the minarets the view was indescribable. Spread out to the north was

the Jumna river bottom, and thousands of acres that looked like a vast garden. Just at the banks below were the men and women who were already at their work of washing their clothes. The splash as they brought the cloth down upon the stone washboards was heard with a regularity of a machine. A mile away to the west was the old fort, which is a mile and a half around it, and high up in the tower is the prison room of the builder of the Taj Mahal, who died with eyes upon the creation of his genius. To the south lies the garden with the cypress trees already mentioned, which is a fifth of a mile long and nearly as wide, and beyond the gateway and the fort lies the city of Agra.

But I have not mentioned the beautiful buildings on either side of the Taj. One of them is a mosque and the other, although an exact duplicate in appearance, is for another purpose. As the sun began to appear from a cloudless horizon the songs of the birds seemed to mingle in one great symphony. Except for this great concert all was silent as the tomb itself. When the rays of this morning sun shone upon the mighty structure the sight was sublime. But it is impossible to put in words an adequate description. This word is so feeble that I dare not read it again lest it will find the waste basket. You who have never seen the Taj Mahal cannot see the mind of the writer and you who have seen it know this attempt to describe it is almost a failure.

As noted above, this building is really a tomb. About three hundred years ago Shah Jahan was the Mogul Emperor. He had three wives, one of whom he practically worshipped. It seems this wife, whom he called Mumtaz Mahal (her real

name was Arjumand Banu Begam) was his real companion on all his military exploits. She bore him seven (some authorities say fourteen) children, but died in giving birth to the last one.

The Emperor's palace was visited by travelers from other countries who described to him great mausoleums of their respective countries and he decided to erect for this wife he had loved so long and so well the finest and most costly tomb ever erected on the earth. The story of selecting the ground, seeking the greatest architects, the finest marble, the most skilled workmen, the costliest jewels and precious stones, vast amounts of the purest gold, all this is very interesting, but the story is too long to be told here.

Then came the workmen, twenty thousand of them. Perhaps there were twice that many, but twenty thousand workmen toiled unceasingly for seventeen long years to complete the job. The story of these years of toil is a sad story, for most of the work was enforced labor and the overseers were as heartless as were the taskmasters in Egypt. It is therefore said, and truly no doubt, that the tomb was never paid for. Also that the eyes of the chief architect were put out that he could never plan such a mausoleum again. Of course three hundred years is a long time ago and it is hard to tell how much truth there is in these traditions.

But the great mausoleum stands today as the most beautiful structure of its kind on the earth. The grounds and setting of the tomb are as perfect as the genius of the most up-to-date landscape artist could possibly make them. No twentieth century masons could do better work than those of three hundred years ago and I doubt if there

are men living today who could do such skillful inlay work with gems and marble. No one can see this building and be just the same afterwards, for its symmetry and beauty is so great that it almost casts a spell upon the beholder, and its outline, at least, lives in memory for years. This is the experience of those who looked upon it years ago.

THE MORNING TIMES

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MAY

No. 26

HENRY CLAY'S REJOIN- DER

One of Henry Clay's enemies met him on the street and said, "I will not get out of my way for a scoundrel to pass." Mr. Clay tipped his hat and stepping aside said, "I will."

A GOOD MOTTO

In the general post office at Hong Kong there is inscribed on the wall this motto, "As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

ONLY RHEUMATICS

A man went into a restaurant and the waiter, who was bow legged and quite stiff, ambled up to him. The man asked, "Have you frog legs?" "No," said the waiter, "only rheumatism."

A NAUGHTY CHILD

A woman had with her a little boy who was acting very naughty. A woman sitting in front turned around and said, "Madam, your child is spoiled." "No, no," was the reply, "they all smell that way."



Photographs by Miss Carmack and Dr. Shastid

UPPER—MUSEUM IN CALCUTTA

CENTER—PARK IN CALCUTTA

LOWER—BATHING GHAT AT BENARES

CHAPTER XXVII

AGRA TO BOMBAY—840 MILES

ONLY a mile away from the Taj Mahal and on the right bank of the Jumna river is the old fort, which is also a marvel in itself. It is a mile and a half around the outside wall of this fort. The outer wall is forty feet high and used to be surrounded by a great moat, but this has long since been filled up. The great gates are massive, but the drawbridges are gone. The inner wall towering thirty feet above the outer and the inner moat, which is thirty feet wide, is still to be seen.

This fort represents the work of many Mogul Emperors, one of the greatest of whom was Akbar. Among other buildings in this fort is the Pearl Mosque, which is built upon a lofty sandstone platform. The interior is all of white marble. In the hall of worship there are prayer places for eight hundred eighty-nine worshippers. The interior of the whole building is beautiful. At the time of the mutiny this mosque was turned into a hospital.

In the Hall of Public Audience the monarch used to sit upon a throne of marvelous beauty which was artistically inlaid with precious stones. His prime minister stood upon a white marble platform below. On either side of the throne are windows of lattice work from which the royal ladies could watch the proceedings when public audience was given.

I went into the private apartments of the royal ladies of old, saw all that is left of the golden stairway that led to the jewel and ornament repository of the Empress, went into the tower from

which they used to witness the fights between wild animals such as elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas and even smaller beasts. It was from a room in this tower that Shah Jahan closed his eyes in death gazing upon the Taj Mahal a mile away. It seems that when he was old his heartless son imprisoned him in this tower for seven long years and only as a dying request was he allowed to look upon the Taj which he had labored so long to build.

The Jasmine Tower was the harem court of the Emperor in the fort when it was used as a royal palace. Talk about finery today—you should have a glimpse of the royalty in the days of the Mogul Emperors. But only a stone's throw from the jewel inlaid walls where thousands of circular convex mirrors were arranged in intricate and delicate patterns, are the underground chambers and passages and prisons, the cells of which are so dark that one almost shudders to go through them. Here men and women were imprisoned and beaten and starved. Could the stones cry out all would hold their ears, horror-stricken.

I have mentioned only two sights in Agra and the space is practically taken. A ride through the steets of the interior of Agra made me feel that for the first time I was seeing real India. Crowded and packed in dirt and filth, aged and children, sick and well, rich people and beggars, clothed and naked, all together with carts and cattle, goats and gods; that ride haunts me like a nightmare up to this moment.

Anticipating a little at this point, I may say in passing that I never came away from a country so discouraged and so disheartened over the con-

dition of its people as I came out of India. From the bottom of my heart I pity any man or woman who is at work in this sad and seemingly hopeless land. Its problems are so gigantic that my brain reels and staggers at the thought of them. Talk about our trouble between capital and labor; our problems with Mexico or the Philippines or anybody else; all together they are nothing as compared with England's problems with this one country alone.

Perhaps England is bungling and blundering at everything, perhaps she is exploiting the Indians and taking from them in taxes a million dollars a day, as some people say, perhaps her only care is to enslave these millions for profit, as some continually insist, yet the fact remains that the only civilized spots in this great land are where her mighty hands have touched. She has given India a great railway system and runs some of the finest and fastest trains in the world; she has built some of the most imposing stations—some class the Victoria Station in Bombay as the finest railway terminal on the globe—she has erected some of the finest hotels and government buildings in the eastern world; she has given these people one of the most efficient postal and telegraph systems on earth; she has given this country a court system and a respect for law not surpassed in any eastern land; she has opened up and made a beginning of what will be a great educational system; she has worked out and already completed some of the most wonderful irrigation plants that are in existence today; she has introduced scientific farming and modern machinery among the most ignorant and fanatical people that live; she has

practically taught these people and developed a jute enterprise that is the marvel of the far east; she is teaching the people the value and importance of sanitation, of a pure water system, of an ice industry and a thousand other things of which you and I never dreamed.

While today it is probably true that the common people do not have much love for England and despise English rule, yet if England should withdraw her power and money and government and law and influence from India, in ten years from now practically every bright spot in the great Indian cities would be blotted out; the railway and post office and telegraph and printing press and hide industry and jute industry and irrigation works and all such would be ruined.

I doubt that in ten years there would be a hundred automobiles, a well repaired highway or a decent railroad train in India. I doubt if one could get a letter into the heart of India in six months. I doubt if a ship like the *Empress of France* could touch a single Indian city and I doubt if any American tourist would care to risk his life to go from Bombay to Calcutta. Rail at England if you will, bemean and condemn her if you like, and curse her if you must, but remember the days of thuggery, of the Juggernaut, of the funeral pyre where thousands of widows were burned to death every year, and of the Ganges where multiplied thousands of mothers threw offspring as a religious rite, all these would be the common thing in India today were it not for the British.

The return journey of eight hundred forty miles from Agra back to Bombay was shorter than the

going journey, but it was also hotter. Men declare that at one station where the train stopped the thermometer stood at one hundred forty-two degrees, for they saw it with their own eyes. The cars were hot, the cushions on the seat were hot, the wind was hot, the diner was hot, the dishes were hot, and both men and women were all "het up," and declared that the ice was hot. But four hundred people lived through it and so far as I know not a single person became anything like seriously ill over it, although some who made the trip were eighty years of age.

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• MAY

No. 27

QUERY

Why is the Empress of France always groaning? Because she has so many barnacles on her bottom.

IS THIS TRUE?

A woman is as old as she looks. A man is old when he quits looking.

AN ANECDOTE

An anecdote is a short tale or story, said the teacher. Now, class, who will be the first one to give me an illustration? Johnny Smith raised his hand first and said, "A rabbit has two eyes, two long ears, and an anecdote."

THE BELT LINE

An elderly man among our cruisers was talking to one of the young ladies and his arm was almost around her. A friend came up and laughingly said, "Your arm is near the equatorial regions." The young lady quickly said, "Yes, he likes to travel on the belt line."



Photographs by Miss Wilson, Miss Carmack and Mr. Boyd

UPPER—DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL IN INDIA
 CENTER—VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION IN BOMBAY
 LOWER—STONE ELEPHANT IN VICTORIA PARK, BOMBAY

CHAPTER XXVIII

BOMBAY TO SUEZ—2,970 MILES

OUR people who went across India are enthusiastic over the sights they saw in three cities that most of those who went to Ceylon did not see. The first was Benares, the holy city of India. Mark Twain called this city, "A big church, a religious hive, where every cell is a temple, a shrine or a mosque. . . . A religious Vesuvius. In its bowels the theological forces have been heaving and tossing, rumbling, thundering, quaking, boiling, weltering, flaming and smoking for ages."

People are talking yet about the Burning Ghat on the bank of the Ganges where some people are so poor that they could not afford to buy enough wood to burn only a part of the bodies of their dead. Here the legs of the corpse are not broken and doubled up like they do it in Bombay, but the feet stick out farther than the wood and when the fire got hot, the muscles of the dead began to contract and the feet began to move and squirm, making a sight so gruesome that the beholders shuddered. Then after the wood was all burned up, the legs and parts of the body not burned were, with ashes and all, dumped into the river. It is a common sight to see parts of bodies floating around in the water of this river in Benares.

At the same time great crowds of men and women were bathing in this sacred river, washing their mouths out with its filthy water and even drinking it by the quart. Some of them who had come from afar were filling their vessels to take some of the holy water home with them, and no doubt drink a little at a time as long as it would

last. These Hindus seem to think the waters of this sacred river are pure, no matter what may be thrown into the stream.

When mourners bring a body to be burned, if a woman it is draped in red, and if a man it is draped in white. There is no crying or expression of grief on the part of anyone. I understand that if it is a father's body and he has a son, it is this son who lights the fire. Of course the priests have a lot of ceremony and go round and round the pyre before the fire is lighted. It is a mark of the highest honor for a father to have a son to light his funeral pyre, and if he is sonless often a son is adopted and raised in the family for this very purpose.

But the killing of the goats for sacrifice at the temple of Kali was a little too much for some of our women. They declared this piece of bloody work was too horrible to talk about. At the Bengali temple the "suttee ghat," where the widows were burned alive with the bodies of their dead husbands, was seen by many. Then the "monkey temple," with its hundred monkeys and monkey god, was interesting. But it is estimated that there are one hundred thousand temples in this holy city of Benares, so it is no use to name any more of them.

The mutiny of 1857 made the city of Lucknow famous for all time. Here the Indian troops rebelled against English authority and for nearly six months the struggle went on. There were a few Indian troops who were still loyal and they had the English women all placed in a sort of a fort and they defended them. But the food was soon all consumed and one by one they starved

to death until only a few were left. One night one of these women had a dream that reinforcements had come. Awakening she listened and sure enough she heard them. Jumping to her feet, she exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? They are coming, they are coming, the pipes of Havelock sound." Of course this fort, or rather basement, is one of the show places of the city.

Just a word about Cawnpore. It is the center of the great tanning industry of India. We had among our cruisers a man whose company purchased six million dollars worth of hides from India last year. People were interested in this city for various reasons. The chief object of interest is the great Memorial Well into which women and children were thrown alive during the mutiny mentioned above.

But the time came when we had to say goodbye to India. Those memorable nineteen days will never be forgotten by most of us, I am sure. Yet we were glad to get on board the *Empress of France* once more, especially now as every mile she traveled would bring us nearer home. Unfortunately we visited India during one of her very hottest months. While several accidents happened, all were able to travel. One good lady broke her leg in Rangoon, and these nineteen hot days she spent on the ship almost alone were long days to her.

On the way from Bombay to Suez one very sad event occurred. It was the death of a member of the crew, a young man full of life and promise, who was one of our table stewards. In balancing for a dive into the swimming tank, he fell backwards and his skull was fractured, and he died in

an hour. His home was in Liverpool and he was the support and stay of a widowed mother.

At four o'clock the next afternoon the ship came to a full stop in the Gulf of Suez and his body was consigned to the great deep. A short service was held. The body had been sewed up in a canvas bag and weighted and slid from a board into the sea, and in a second disappeared from the sight of human eyes forever. An offering of something like two thousand dollars was taken for the widowed mother.

A very interesting event was the passing of the place in the Red Sea where Moses led the Children of Israel in the days of long ago. The sea is perhaps a dozen miles wide at the place. A glimpse of old Mount Sinai, from whose heights Moses received the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone, was had by all. It could only be seen for about fifteen minutes. When it came into sight the whistle was blown that all might know about it. Although forty or forty-five miles from us, yet its rugged top was plainly seen, and some of us lived over again the scenes of other days.

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MAY

No. 28

CAN YOU ANSWER

Does the river ever lose its head?

Is an undertaker's business dead?

Is a newspaper white when it's read?

Can you dig with the ace of spades?

Do ships have eyes when they go out to sea?

Are there any springs in the ocean's bed?

Is a baker broke when he is making dough?

What sort of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?

If you ate a square meal
would the corners hurt?

If a grass widower married
a grass widow would
their children be grasshoppers?

if he had any mouse traps.
Being informed that they
had plenty of them she
said, "Give me one of them
quickly please, as I wish
to catch a train."

WANTED TO CATCH A TRAIN

A couple of our cruisers
were hurrying to the
church service in the forward
lounge one Sunday morning
when they met one of our
forty doctors who said he
must tell them his latest.

A lady rushed into a
store and asked the clerk

DID YOU EVER SEE

A stone step? A peanut
stand? A ginger snap? A
sardine box? A sausage
roll? A day pass? A hair
dye? A house fly? A
brick walk? A night fall?
A mill run? A rolling
pin? A bed spring? A
bed tick? A clock run?
An ink stand? A chicken
dressing?



UPPER LEFT—INLAID WORK ON TEMPLE PILLAR
 UPPER RIGHT—AN INDIAN WANDERER
 LOWER—A TYPICAL VEHICLE IN BENARES

CHAPTER XXIX

SUEZ TO CAIRO—130 MILES

LANDING at Suez our party boarded two special trains which were in waiting and started at once for Cairo. For thirty miles or more the railroad follows the canal and we had a glimpse of boats passing through. As soon as the Empress of France had landed her passengers she started through. She really looked like a great ship upon the desert.

When the Suez Canal was finished in 1869, it was looked upon as perhaps the greatest triumph of engineering skill of modern times. It had been talked of for twelve hundred years. Again and again it was attempted, but until de Lesseps came upon the scene every attempt had ended in failure. A word or two about this French engineer will not be out of place here.

For twenty long years Ferdinand de Lesseps studied this strip of land. He had gone up and down this ninety miles on foot, on donkeys and on camels. The canal was a vision in his mind many years before a spadeful of dirt was thrown. In 1856 he finally was given a concession to dig the canal, but he had no money. It took him three years to get people interested enough to put up the cash and then it took ten years to do the work, so the canal was opened for traffic March 18, 1869.

Practically the entire distance is through the desert. The canal today looks like a blue ribbon across the desert. It has been enlarged several times until it is now about thirty feet deep. As the Empress of France draws twenty-nine feet of water, all water ballast had to be removed and

even then it was a mighty ticklish job to take the big ship through. It took sixteen hours to make the journey of a little less than ninety miles, and if the exchange was normal the tolls amounted to approximately \$19,000.

It was to save both time and tolls that our party was taken by train from Suez to Cairo. At the normal rate of exchange the toll is about \$2.00 per person, so the steamship company saved about \$1,600 in cash and we saved about ten hours' time. Reaching Cairo in the evening, the most of our party was divided between the two great million dollar hotels, the Continental-Savoy and the Shepherds. I feel that a word must be said for the Continental-Savoy and its courteous manager. I can hardly conceive of a more comfortable, homey, clean, orderly and luxurious hotel. It is really the very best we have found on the world journey and I was sorry to leave it.

If space permitted I would like to write on "the lure of Egypt." This was my third visit to the country and I would like to go back again. For four days we lived six thousand years. We visited the cave where the Virgin with the Holy Child is said to have spent three months when the family was warned to "flee unto Egypt." We saw the very spot (?) where little Moses was found among the bullrushes by the daughter of Pharaoh. We saw the land and rode over part of it where the Children of Israel lived and were worked as slaves under the lash of the cruel taskmasters.

We looked into the face of the Pharaoh who hardened his heart when asked to be lenient toward the chosen people of God, and sent his army after them when they left Egypt. We saw the

very fingers which held the pen that signed the decree that enslaved the nation. We saw all that is left of some of the storehouses where Joseph stored up the grain to be used during the years of famine. We saw the same monuments that Abraham saw when he palmed off his beautiful wife as his sister and got into trouble about it. We saw the oldest relic of human workmanship in existence and whose staring stone eyes had watched the sun rise for thousands of years when Abraham was born.

We went out to Heliopolis, which used to be called the "City of Sun," and which is the "On" of the Bible where Joseph married the daughter of a priest. (Gen. 41:45.) According to tradition, there was a great university here and Moses was a professor of literature in it. The only relic of antiquity to be seen at present is the great obelisk which is said to be the oldest obelisk in all Egypt. It is a solid block of red granite and is sixty-six feet high. The inscription is the same on all four sides and records the time it was set up and the man who did it. Some of us have visited many times the obelisks in Central Park, New York; on the Thames Embankment in London, and the one on the Place de Concorde in Paris, all of which came from this community.

Hardly a trace of the wonderful old City of the Sun remains today where Rameses II was such an important personage that his name can yet be seen inscribed upon the blocks of granite which were the temple in the city.

Heliopolis was on the border line of Goshen and they point out to us the Virgin's Tree where tradition says that the Holy Family rested after their

flight into Egypt. Of course this tree is not more than two or three hundred years old. Very near the obelisk is a building in which is a modern engine and within a stone's throw of it some of us had our pictures taken by the side of two ancient water-wheels, where blindfolded cattle were slowly going round and round as the wheel poured the clear water into the irrigation ditch. About three miles away is the city of New Heliopolis, where is located one of the finest hotels in the world.

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MAY

No. 29

GIVE US MEN

God give us men. The time
demands
Strong minds, great hearts,
true faith and willing
hands;
Men whom the lust of of-
fice does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of
office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions
and a will;
Men who have honor; men
who will not lie;
Men who can stand before
a demagogue
And condemn his treacher-
ous flatteries without
winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned,

who live above the fog
In public duty and in pri-
vate thinking;
For while the rabble with
their thumb-worn
creeds
Their large professions and
their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo!
Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and
waiting justice sleeps!

OLD KENTUCKY

Here's to old Kentuck,
The land where I was born,
Where the corn is full of
kernels
And the Colonels are full
of corn.



Photographs by Dr. Powell and Mr. Wiederhold

UPPER—THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK ON A CAMEL

CENTER—THE LITTLE SPHINX AT MEMPHIS

LOWER—A CAMEL AT THE IRRIGATION PUMP

CHAPTER XXX

THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX

PERHAPS the greatest of all sights to most people is the great Pyramid which is more than four hundred and fifty feet high and covers thirteen acres of ground. It is about a dozen miles from the heart of Cairo. While one can go out to it on a street car, we went in automobiles. The drive is along a well paved highway with trees on either side. In fact, modern buildings have been erected, not only near to the city of Cairo, but near the base of the Pyramid as well. When my first visit was made nearly twenty years ago, the whole country was desert. Now thousands of acres are irrigated and wheat, cotton and barley fields are interspersed with vegetable gardens, melon patches, and alfalfa, the whole plain or valley being a real hive of industry.

While the pyramids are built on quite an elevation, yet the automobiles take you within fifty feet of the largest structure. It is a marvelous sight, yet disappointing to most people at first. But it grows upon one. There are the great massive stones, layer upon layer, piled upon top of each other up toward the sky. Herodotus says that one hundred thousand men toiled for twenty years upon this structure. It took ten years to build the causeway upon which to get the stone from the quarry to this place. It is supposed that all work was done by human strength and one hardly dares to think of the broken backs and crushed bodies that this structure cost.

A few people climbed to the top. One of our

party did it without any assistance whatever; a man fifty years old at that. Nearly everyone went into the heart of the structure. The entrance is forty-five feet from the ground on the north side. The first passage is but little more than three feet square and you can imagine how some of our big fat people almost crawled through. Going one hundred and twenty-five feet, descending, the tunnel forks. From this point one has to almost crawl uphill for about one hundred and thirty feet through a very difficult passage to the entrance of the Great Hall. This is one hundred and fifty feet long, seven feet wide and twenty-eight feet high. Then a small passage of twenty-two feet and you are in the King's Chamber. This is thirty-five feet long, half as wide and nineteen feet high. The roof of this is nine slabs of granite eighteen and a half feet long. Above this are five chambers and to this day no one knows what they were for. In these are the marks of the masons, so it is said.

In the King's Chamber is a red granite sarcophagus seven and a half feet long and nearly half as wide and deep. The lid is gone and there are no inscriptions in sight. This chamber is almost in the center of the pyramid. I should have said that at the entrance of the Great Hall is a very narrow passage that leads to the Queen's Chamber which is nearly twenty feet square and nearly a hundred feet almost below the King's Chamber. It was a very hard job to get into these chambers. It was almost a continuous procession of people trying to get past each other, the candles were not plentiful, the guides were not all good, the air was stifling, and yet there were but few people who

went through that hour of agony who are not glad they did it.

Seiss rightly classed this structure as "A miracle in stone." The architect who planned it must have known that the earth is a sphere and that its motion is rotary; he was not only a mathematician, but an astronomer, for not a single principle in either of these sciences has been discovered to contradict the wisdom of this man who lived ages before modern science was born. This man also knew the science of ventilation and many other things our wiseacres claim to have discovered. I was simply amazed to see that on the inside of these monster granite blocks they are joined together so accurately that you cannot run the thinnest knife blade between them.

The Sphinx is a little more than a quarter of a mile from the big pyramid. But you had a real battle with the Arabs to get there. They were so persistent that you ride their camels or donkeys that they almost pulled you to pieces. One lady I know of was actually taken against her will and protests, and literally lifted upon the back of the beast. On my first visit nineteen years ago, I was alone and my experience in fighting off these men of the desert was not only thrilling, but actually dangerous.

But the Sphinx did not look as impressive as the first time I saw it. The sand has drifted in, until the structure seems to be in a hole. It is cut from the solid mountain or bedrock. The stone monster is one hundred and fifty feet long. The body is that of a lion with the head of a man. The paws at the side, which are now almost covered up, are fifty feet long. It is seventy feet from the

crown of the head to the base. The head itself is thirty feet long. The mouth is seven and a half feet across. The ears are four and a half feet high. Of course the whole thing is now greatly mutilated. As noted above, this is supposed to be the oldest relic of human workmanship on the earth today.

The second pyramid is almost as large as the first. The third is much smaller. There used to be a temple with each pyramid. These three are all the pyramids in this neighborhood. There are more than seventy others, the most of which are up the river Nile twenty miles or more.

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MAY

No. 30

THREE DOWN AND THREE UP

Some of our cruisers had six meals a day when the weather became the least bit rough—three down and three up.

One of the lady cruisers was leaning over the railing feeding the fishes. A gentleman came up and said to her, "Has the moon come up yet?" "Oh, my!" she said, "must that come up too?"

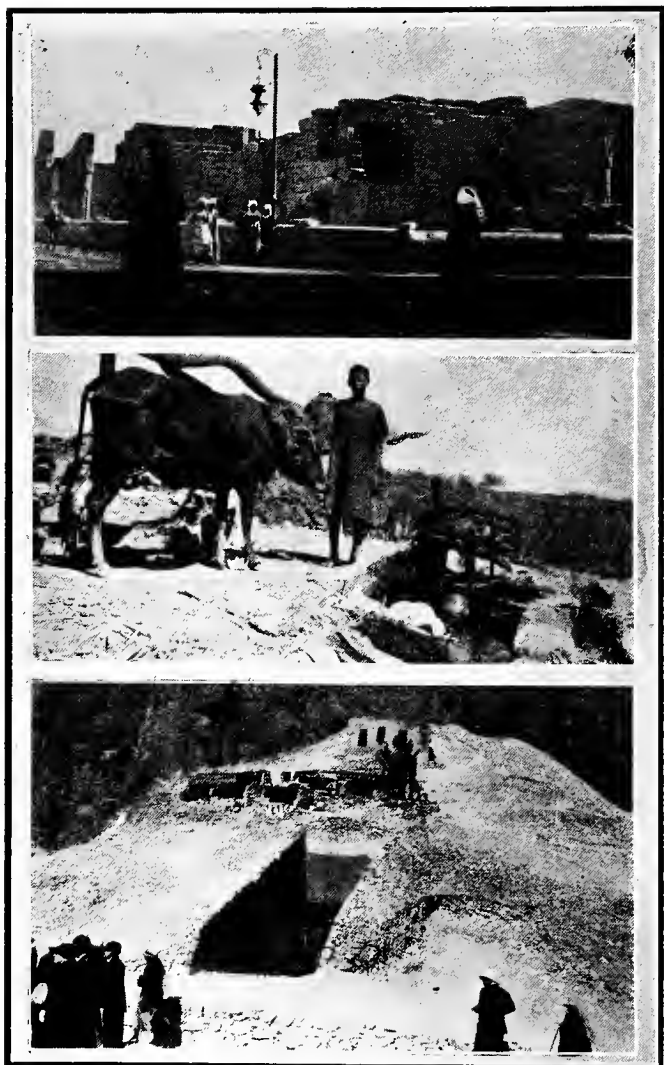
SEVERAL PORCUPINES

One cruiser told this incident. He said, While you were visiting temples I went to visit a rich Chinaman. He introduced me to

his wife. He had about twenty children—not all from his wife, for he had several porcupines.

PAT RETURNED

Pat was working at the Baldwin Locomotive works. At the close of the week he opened his envelope and read, "You are fired." After five days Pat was on the job early in the morning and went to work as usual. When the foreman came around he spied Pat and said, "Didn't I fire you?" "Yis," said Pat, "but on the envelope it said 'return after five days to Baldwin Locomotive Works,' and I'm here, begorra."



Photographs by Mr. Henry Wiederhold

UPPER—RUINS AT LUXOR

CENTER—BLINDFOLDED OX AT THE WELL

LOWER—KING TUT'S TOMB AT THE TIME THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN

CHAPTER XXXI

SAKARAH AND MEMPHIS

OF COURSE I went up to Sakarah to see the pyramids and tombs there. One of them is called the Step Pyramid. It is about two hundred feet high and is very dangerous to climb, as the stone crumbles easily; but one of our party made the ascent without any assistance. I don't know how he did it, but he got to the top and back without accident.

The tomb of old King Thi is near by and is one of the most interesting tombs in all Egypt. They say it is an exact duplicate of the tomb that has only been found recently and which has caused so much discussion. King Thi belonged to the fifth dynasty, which was long before the time of Abraham. To get into this tomb is a hard job, but it will pay anyone to see it. According to the records, this King Thi was of humble origin and came to the throne through sheer persistence and ability. His statue is in the museum in Cairo. The great sarcophagus was cut from a block of granite. You can see the place where the jewels were buried with the body. There are wonderful inscriptions and pictures on the walls of the tomb, and it is said the hieroglyphics explain everything.

To the writer the most remarkable tombs in this place are called the Tombs of the Bulls, or Apis Tombs. The main gallery in this underground rock cut tomb is a chamber six hundred and thirty feet long. Along the sides are pits in which are the sarcophagi of more than twenty of these sacred animals. They are thirteen feet long, seven feet wide and eleven feet high; each being

hewn out from a solid block of granite or limestone and the average weight is sixty-five tons. They are all empty. How these old tombs, which are all underground, were made is a mystery. They are all in the desert, the ruins of the ancient city being covered with the drifting sands. What this desert has in store for future generations can only be imagined, for only its surface has been scratched as yet.

About eight miles from Sakarah is all that is left of the city of Memphis. This was one of the oldest cities in Egypt. It was founded by the first historical king who, it is said, turned the channel of the River Nile to get a site that suited him. It was called by various names, one of which was the "White Walled City," and it rivalled Babylon for magnificence and beauty, so the records tell us.

The most interesting relics in the ruins of old Memphis are the Colossal Statues of Rameses II. There are two of these and they are both lying flat on the ground. One of them was forty-two feet high and the other thirty-one and a half feet high. They are monstrous affairs. One of them was made from a solid block of granite and the other from a solid block of limestone. The name Rameses II occurs several times on these statues. Could they speak today the whole civilized world would listen to their story.

To visit the above places the journey meant one of the most interesting and thrilling auto trips of nearly fifty miles of the entire world cruise. Most of the distance was on the top of dykes along the canals, one of which almost parallels the River Nile for many miles. Some of these are very crooked and often twenty or thirty feet high and

just about wide enough for one car, but we were continually meeting or overtaking heavily loaded camels, carts, wagons, donkeys, flocks of sheep and goats, and occasionally another car. The way those Egyptian chauffeurs drive a car on the top of an embankment, dodging hither and yon, makes one's hair rise continually and scares one out of a year's growth. Then I have said nothing about the dust, and will only say that all Egypt is almost like a great ash heap.

But it was worth all the scares and hardships to see the native people about their daily toil and in their village homes. Most of their homes are but little better than pig pens. Mud houses, often without windows or floors, cheerless and comfortless. Yet the people are not sad, as in India. They are all dirty, as water is often rather scarce, and they do not use what they have for washing purposes. Their fields are well tilled and most of the work is done by hand. Wheat was just getting ripe. In a few cases the harvesting had begun and it was being cut with a sickle such as they used in the days of Abraham.

The green alfalfa fields were everywhere. This product is a boon to farmers, for a crop of it will grow in the valley of the Nile in twenty days. Cattle and horses look well, as a rule, for there is plenty of food for them. They seem to treat their horses well. Cabmen drive rapidly, but the moment they stop they are out feeding the horses alfalfa, a supply of which is always carried in the carriage somewhere. Many times as horses are pulling heavy loads the driver walks along feeding them alfalfa.

The camels are especially interesting. They

carry tremendous loads. Often they are loaded with dry hay or cornstalks, and look like small stacks walking. They say if a camel is loaded too heavily he will not get up until part of the load is taken off. While he looks innocent enough, he is a snarling beast. When he kneels he is continually protesting and biting and snarling. He can eat enough and drink enough water at one time to last him a week, and as he goes noiselessly along with his cushioned feet he takes such long steps that he gets over the ground rapidly. To ride a camel is not a little like being in a great swinging chair.

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WHAT CAUSED THE BUMP

What caused that bump last night? Did we run on to another sand bar? No, that bump was caused by the equator. Didn't you know that we crossed it last night?

TOOK THE COLORED BABY

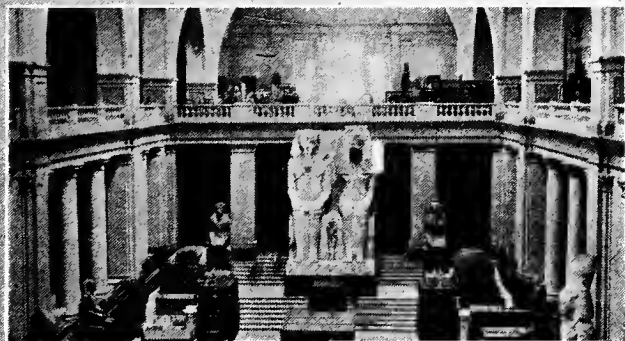
In a department store a place was provided where mothers could check their babies. One woman lost her check and the attendant refused to let her have a baby but told her to come back at five-thirty just be-

fore the store closed and if there was a baby left she could have it.

When she came back there was one baby but it was a colored one. The woman was so intent on having her baby that she took this one home with her. In reality there was no disappointment about it for this lady was a colored woman.

POURING OIL ON WATER

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Because the winds slipping over the smooth oil have no force and cause no waves.



Photographs by Mr. Boyd

UPPER—CARAVAN IN EGYPT
 CENTER—OLD BABYLON IN EGYPT
 LOWER—MUSEUM IN CAIRO

CHAPTER XXXII

CAIRO TO NAPLES—1,210 MILES

AS YET I have said practically nothing about the great city of Cairo, which is a little world in itself. It contains nearly eight hundred thousand people. Portions of it make you think of Fifth Avenue, New York, while other portions are nothing but foul smelling, dirty, filthy mud huts where the plague of flies and lice has not yet ceased. Its people are the most persistent people you can find. They are natural born beggars and traders. They will go with you whether you want them or not, and sell you an article after you have told them forty times you will not buy it.

The merchants and traders in Cairo have no conscience. One man told me that he was asked fifteen dollars for an article, bought it for two dollars and was cheated at that price. They will swear a dress is silk when you know it is cotton; that a thing is pure gold when anyone who looks knows it is brass. One lady told a man that she was surprised that he would tell such outlandish lies, and he retorted that he was surprised that she would believe them.

It is said that there are four hundred Moham-medan Mosques in Cairo. Some of them are wonderful, to say the least. In devotion these people put Christian people to shame. When the call for prayer comes, they pray. For many years the largest university in the world in point of number of students was the Moslem university in Cairo, yet only about twelve men in a hundred can read or write. Only about one-tenth as many women as men can read.

Next to the Mohammedans come the Copts. I visited the Coptic church which is claimed was founded by St. Mark. They say that in it is the cave where the Virgin Mary stayed while in Egypt. There are twenty-three Coptic churches in Cairo. The Greek church is also quite strong, but the Roman Catholics are few.

The oasis on the Egyptian desert, religiously speaking, is the American Mission. For very many years the United Presbyterian church of the United States has kept up this mission, and it has done a wonderful work. I attended the Y. P. S. C. E. and regular Sunday evening preaching service here, and was delighted with both people and services. Saw a half dozen of the workers who went out from Iowa and they are great folks. They have nearly two hundred missionaries, and half as many native ordained ministers. It is said that the average attendance at the Sunday morning services in all the churches of the mission runs about twenty-six thousand.

I am compelled to close this article with but a bare mention of the great Museum in Cairo, which is one of the most famous in all the world. Here are the mummies of Rameses II, the oppressor of the Children of Israel, and many other famous kings and dignitaries of the old days. Here are inscriptions and monuments and objects of worship by the thousand, to say nothing of jewels, precious stones, ornaments, seals, manuscripts and thousands of other priceless relics of antiquity. I have said nothing about the Island of Rhoda, upon which was the King's palace, the nilometer and a hundred other interesting places. The cita-

del alone should have an article to itself. But we must break away from the lure of Cairo.

The population of Egypt is nearly thirteen million and the cultivated area is less than thirteen thousand square miles, so a thousand people must live upon the products of one square mile of territory. By raising three crops per year they are now able to do this, but the population is increasing at the rate of one hundred seventy-five thousand annually.

As might be expected, the thoughtful leaders have been looking forward to reclaiming much more land, as it is almost impossible for Egypt to import food, and must raise what they need or starve. Some time ago the Nile Control Association secured the assistance of the best engineers of other nations and worked out the most gigantic irrigation system ever conceived by the human brain.

It will take two generations to complete this great work, but it means practically the harnessing of the River Nile, and when entirely finished, the products of Egypt will feed at least twenty million people. It is an interesting fact that the American engineer who assisted in working out this great plan was Mr. Harry T. Cory of the University of Cincinnati, Ohio, who was the man in Harold Bell Wright's story, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," who stopped the flood and saved the great valley in California.

Leaving Port Said only an hour behind time, we were soon out on the Mediterranean Sea. The weather was delightful and the voyage very pleasant. For an entire day we sailed along near the island of Crete, which is one hundred and sixty

miles long. The breeze from its snow-capped mountains was quite chilly, and all enjoyed it. Nearly three hundred and fifty thousand people live on this island.

About five one evening, we had a good look at old Mount Etna in eruption, although it was thirty-five miles away. Only very recently were its fires kindled again. Passing through the Straits of Messina we saw the city by the same name. The writer visited this city before the terrible earthquake shook it to pieces, and it was then quite a large city. In fact it contains one hundred fifty thousand people at the present time. On the same evening we passed quite near the island of Stromboli and saw the smoke rolling as from a mighty furnace. Here we are at the gates of the largest city in Italy with old Mount Vesuvius in the background.

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ALL WANTED THE DONKEY

A gentleman and his wife's mother were going to the former's home in Tennessee. Some of the way being mountainous the elder lady felt that she must have a donkey to ride. A good animal was secured and all went well until the donkey made a misstep and rolled over a steep precipice.

After a little time it was discovered that the animal was unhurt but the mother was dead. They could only go back to her home and have the funeral. The funeral over they had no use for the donkey. In the course of the morning no less than eight men called to see about purchasing the donkey. Strange as it may seem everyone of these eight men had a mother-in-law.



Photographs by Dr. Powell, Dr. Shastid and Mr. Hunnifield.

UPPER—LANDING AT GIBRALTAR

CENTER—GATE AT GIBRALTAR

LOWER—SPAIN AS SEEN FROM GIBRALTAR

CHAPTER XXXIII

NAPLES TO GIBRALTAR—976 MILES

THIS writer has only visited one harbor more beautiful than the one at Naples. The two great curving arms of land hold in their embrace a body of water which is thirty-six miles in circumference and which forms this harbor. The largest ocean liners can enter this harbor in perfect safety and can go alongside the piers.

One thing that makes this harbor so beautiful and so wonderful is the majestic old Mount Vesuvius in the background. By day the smoke as from a thousand furnaces ascends like clouds in the sky and at night often the reflection from the fires below add a touch that is awe-inspiring. Villages dot the sides of the mountain and at its foot to the northwest lies Naples, the largest of Italian cities and which contains nearly three-quarters of a million people.

For twenty-five hundred years these mountain slopes have made a large contribution to the history of civilization. Here Horace and Cicero spent their boyhood days. Virgil's tomb is one of the show places of the city to this day. Ceasar and Pompey, Harrian and Caligula once had marble villas not many miles to the north. Brutus and Cassius and Mark Antony were all familiar with every turn in the road around here. Watching the fiery shafts of Vesuvius pierce the clouds at night gave Dante his idea of the Inferno.

Only a short distance from where Naples is located was Puteoli where the Apostle Paul first set his foot upon the highway on which he was led to Rome as a prisoner. As he trudged along the Ap-

pian Way with his chains clanking he not only saw the same mountain, but the suburban homes of the Roman Emperors of his day. Almost every town as well as the cities had arenas in which were held the gladiatorial contests and no doubt the Apostle heard the shouting crowds as the procession, of which he was a part, moved along toward the Eternal City.

When we were awakened early on the morning of May tenth, the Empress of France was anchored in the harbor at Naples. Soon the great ship was being pulled and pushed and shoved up to the pier. It was Ascension Day. This meant that the great Museum, many other places as well, was closed. One can hardly see Naples without seeing the Museum. Pompeii, the resurrected city, was also closed. Of course I had seen these great sights more than once before, but only a few of our cruisers had and I felt bad on their account.

I simply must say a few things about Pompeii. This silent unearthed city is about fourteen miles from Naples. You can go to it either by steam train or trolley. I have gone by both routes and one is as beautiful as the other. The ride all the way is through beautiful gardens and vineyards and the villages are so near to each other that it is almost like passing through a continuous city.

Two thousand years ago Pompeii was a thriving, prosperous city, but the people were pleasure loving and immoral. The entire city was rotten to the core and the degradation of its people can be seen today, after nineteen hundred years, as plain as though it were minutely described on parchment.

It was an August day in the year seventy-nine,

more than eighteen centuries ago. At midday it grew as dark as night and the storm of wind and rain, mud and ashes struck terror to the hearts of the people. Old Mount Vesuvius had been acting strangely for some time and the poisonous gases gave the people some warning of what was coming. The human mind can hardly conceive of the terror of the people as they fell over each other in the darkness in their attempt to escape. As the gas settled down upon them they had to crawl close to the ground to live at all.

When the storm curtains were finally rolled back there was no city to be seen. First it was covered with ashes and pumice stone and then molten lava had engulfed it to the depth of from a dozen to twenty feet. Finally the very name of the city was forgotten and for a thousand years its very memory was blotted from the mind of man. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the city was found and its original name was made certain by inscriptions that were unearthed later on.

To go through its uncovered streets today is like passing through a silent city of the dead. You can visit its homes and quite often the word "salva," which means welcome, is still seen in mosaic on the floor at the door. You can pick out its houses of ill-fame; you know them by the pictures and inscriptions on the walls and other unmistakable evidence.

You can visit its prisons and see plaster casts of its victims in chains. You can see its places of amusement and find that its public billboards and methods of reserving seats were not unlike our methods today. You can visit its bakeries and see

the loaves of bread, now turned to stone, just as they were placed in the ovens eighteen hundred and forty-two years ago. You can visit the liquor saloons and see the very jars in which the strong drink was kept in these old days.

One of the most striking sights are the narrow streets of this uncovered city. You can see the ruts, often six or eight inches deep, that were worn into the solid rock by the iron tires of the chariot wheels of long ago. You discover that they had traffic rules similar to those used in our modern cities today. In fact you can tell some of the customs of the people of those old days as plainly as though taken back nineteen hundred years and walking among the people as they lived at that time.

The city of Naples today contains many beautiful homes of wealthy people and some of the dirtiest hovels in which human beings dwell. While you see many people of culture and refinement, you also see some of the most depraved specimens of humanity that have ever been born.

Our party drove for hours over the better portion of the city, going to the old fort on the top of the hill above and to the world famous Aquarium down by the sea. Only a portion of this was open and our people were wonderfully interested in the part that could be visited. The great business houses, stores, banks and many of the smaller shops were closed. Our drive did not take us into the districts where the poorer people live, so we missed most of the dirt and filth.

The first land sighted after leaving Naples was the island of Sardinia, which is the second largest island in the Mediterranean Sea. Nearly a

million people live on this island and they boast of more than four thousand manufacturing plants of various kinds. They also work lead and silver mines and are quite an industrious race of people. It is nearly a thousand miles from Naples to the Rock of Gibraltar and so many of our cruisers left the ship at Naples that the journey was almost lonely to many of us.

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HE DECIDED FOR HER

A young lady on a vessel was beloved by five young men and appealed to the captain as to which she should accept. He said, "We'll put them to the test. At three o'clock this afternoon I will blow the whistle. You fall overboard. I will have the lifeboat ready for you, but if one of the men really loves you he will jump in after you before the lifeboat is down. Take him."

At the appointed signal she fell overboard, and four young men tried to rescue her. When they were all aboard she was in despair and said to the captain, "Now which one will I take?" He looked at the water soaked four and said, "take the dry one."

THE TRUTH

She bought a necklace very cheap that the dealer

had declared was real amber. It made her neck yellow and she returned it to the dealer saying, "Sir, I do not see how you could have told me such a lie." "Madam," he said, "I do not know how you could have believed me."

DID HE MEAN PREDESTINATION?

The new minister of the African M. E. church used some long words. His flock did not understand them and at last decided that he did not understand them either, and sent a delegation to tell him so. He declared he knew the meaning of every word he used. They said he had used the word "procrastination" the night before and they knew he did not know its meaning. "Why, ah knows dat," he replied, "Its de biggest doctrine of the Presbyterian church."



Photographs by Mr. Fellows and Mr. Ehler

UPPER AND CENTER—BOTANICAL GARDENS IN CEYLON

LOWER PICTURE—"SUPREME COURT OF THE SHIP." LEFT TO RIGHT
E. W. EHLERS, DR. O. G. HARDIN, MISS FLORENCE DUNN,
ARNOLD VOGT, R. SHERMAN AND FRED B. JEWELL

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

THE most interesting point on the way home from Naples was the world famous Rock of Gibraltar. From time immemorial this rock has been called one of the Pillars of Hercules. According to the old legends, this Giant from Thebes rent Europe and Africa apart and set up these pillars, some thirteen miles from each other, thus making the Strait of Gibraltar.

Away back in the days of King Solomon the Phoenicians owned this rock and Tharsish was but a few miles to the north and to which the Hebrew king sent his navy many times.

The Carthaginians got hold of the great rock about two hundred and thirty-seven years B. C., but they only held it thirty-one years until the Romans took it from them. Six hundred and six years later came the Vandals and they called the country round about Vandalia, "The garden and granary of Spain."

In four hundred and eighteen A. D. the Moors took the stronghold and held it for eight hundred years. Then the Spaniards captured it and held it nearly four hundred years, or until seventeen hundred and four, when the British took it from them. The Spaniards called it the "Key to Spain," but the British rechristened it, calling it the "Key to the Mediterranean."

The great fortress has been besieged fourteen times, the longest siege being in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, when for three years and seven months the combined forces of the French and

Spanish tried in vain to wrest it from the hands of the English.

A French engineer had invented and constructed some special battery ships and with ten of these and forty other ships armed with two hundred cannon and more than five thousand men on the sea, to say nothing of a large land force consisting of two hundred cannon and forty thousand men, it really looked like when all these forces attacked at one time that victory was assured.

So confident were the French and Spanish of victory that many of their princes and nobles went, with all their trappings, to see the English capitulate. But these English, although they had but ninety-six cannon and seven thousand men, were not to be defeated. In fact the attacking enemy was so ingloriously defeated that the princes and nobles fled in consternation. This defeat cost the enemy many thousand men and twelve million dollars, while the English lost but twelve hundred and thirty-one men.

During all the years that the English have held this rock they have been spending millions upon it until it is at the present time undoubtedly the strongest fortress on the earth. It is seven miles around this rock, and although it covers but two square miles of territory, yet more than twenty thousand people live upon it.

That the rock used to be joined to Africa is the conclusion of most geologists. The monkeys on the rock are not only like those found in Africa, but there are none like them in any other part of Europe. The top of the rock is nearly fifteen hundred feet above the water and up about a thousand feet are numerous natural caves. There are

many of these caves and passages, some of which have been explored for many hundred feet. Bad air and other obstacles have prohibited a complete exploration of many of these passages, which go down into the very heart of the rock.

Many think these monkeys that inhabit the top of the rock have an underground passage beneath the strait by means of which they can go to the shore of Africa, but of course this is only a theory. During all the years it is said that no one has ever found a bone or any part of a dead monkey. These peculiar beings take care of their dead in their own secret way. There is a sort of a superstition current that "English rule will cease when the monkeys leave." The English government sets apart an appropriation for the maintenance of these monkeys and no visitor is allowed to feed them. At the present time no visitor gets near them and when they are seen high up on the rock the people below take great interest in watching them.

Some say the rock used to be covered with trees, but that almost seems impossible, for it is surely "barren as a rock" today. The world famous Prudential picture was taken from the north end where it rises to the height of about fourteen hundred feet almost perpendicular and but few of those passing by ever see that part of the rock.

Of course on the lower slopes and at the foot in the city of Gibraltar there are many trees growing, but it is said all were planted by men. It is claimed that there are four hundred and fifty-six species of ferns and plants growing in this neighborhood, so it is very beautiful. Also there are three hun-

dred and thirty-five kinds of birds in and about this rock.

In a garden is the famous Dragon Tree, which some say dates back to the time of Christ and all admit that it is a thousand years old. In this garden there used to be a prison and a Black Hole that almost rivalled the one in Calcutta, India. The old prison and the whipping post are well known to those familiar with the history of this rock.

There are no springs or fountains on the rock, so all have to use rain water. This is caught in large cisterns and pumped into the great reservoir which is high up on the side of the rock. The splendid harbor on the west side is large enough so that fifty battleships could easily be protected from submarines.

Some of us were allowed the privilege of going through the tunnels on the north side galleries. While these have meant the expenditure of vast sums of money, they are but a hint of what is in the side of the rock next to the sea. In fact the great rock is honeycombed with tunnels and galleries in which are vast storehouses containing provisions for a three-year siege, so they say.

As to the strength of this mighty fortress but few men have a definite idea and, of course, those who know say nothing about it. It is safe to say, however, that the greatest battleship afloat could be blown to atoms in a very short time should it attempt to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar when forbidden to do so.

For ages people thought this great rock and the points near it were the outermost edge of land on the earth. On Southport Gate there used to be a

double-headed spread-eagle supported by a representation of the Pillars of Hercules. The inscription on this was, "Ne plus ultra," which means "No more beyond." After Columbus discovered the new world the "Ne" was taken off and the motto since that time has been "More beyond."

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ONE ON THE MINISTER

A minister, anxious to introduce some new hymn-books, directed the clerk to give out a notice in church in regard to them just after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give with reference to the baptism of infants. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptised, please send in their names at once." The minister, who was deaf, supposing that the clerk had given out the song book notice, immediately arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at fif-

teen cents, and special ones with red backs at twenty-five cents each."

INCIDENTAL

The bridegroom insisted on being in the limelight and finally the bride could stand it no longer. "Samb-o," she said, "Ah wants you to be mo' quiet. Ah wants you to know you is entirely incidental to dis occasion—entirely incidental, sir."

VERY TRUE

Nature has given each of us two ears but only one mouth.

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.

Silence is deep as eternity, speech is as shallow as time.

CHAPTER XXXV

GIBRALTAR-HAVRE-SOUTHAMPTON-QUEBEC—
4,263 MILES

THERE is genuine sadness in the breaking up of a large party such as the one on this world cruise. For nearly four months we were much like a large family under one roof. Friendships were made that will be a pleasant memory for many years. Many of these associations were rich and happy and will be more so with the passing of the years. In some forty cases, it is said, more than mere friendships were formed and later on wedding bells will ring.

At Cairo, Egypt, nearly a score of the cruisers left the company, as they were to make the journey through Palestine and Europe. But the great separation came at Naples. About half of the entire company left the Empress of France at this point. Many of these went on an extended trip through Europe. Others went on a more hurried trip up to Rome, Paris and London.

At Gibraltar a goodly number bade goodbye to ship and friends and went on a tour up through Spain and other countries. The eleven hundred and fifty-seven miles to Havre was rather lonely, so many had gone. But most of the cruisers were happy and had a good time.

Nearly a couple of hundred more left the ship at Havre. They had to go from the ship to the pier in the worst storm of the four months. Perhaps no company ever before encircled the globe having such fine weather and smooth seas. Only two days in the entire trip up to this time had been bad in the least as far as storms were concerned.

At Havre the rain was falling in torrents as the people landed. At times the rain almost turned to snow.

The one hundred and nine miles to Southampton were covered in a few hours. It was getting dark when the ship reached the pier at Southampton. Less than two hundred of our eight hundred and ten people were left, and most of them boarded the *Empress of Britain* for home. A few, however, went to London. The *Empress of France* was to go into dry dock and would not sail for America for several weeks.

We who boarded the *Empress of Britain* had most comfortable rooms. The food was very good. The service was most excellent. For about six days the weather was fine. Being an oil burner, this ship made good speed and was very regular and all enjoyed the trip across the Atlantic very much.

Off the banks of New Foundland we ran into a dense fog. We not only had to slow down, but finally had to stop. The second morning of this fog brought not a little excitement. Word came by wireless that the *Corsican* (the ship had been renamed, but I forget the new name) was on the rocks off Cape Race and we were to take on board its passengers and crew, several hundred people.

Our ship was hastily prepared for the coming visitors. Doors were unfastened, rope ladders brought out, life boats were swung out and other things done. Our stewards said we would have a hard time to take care of the refugees. Some of the passengers took another look at their clothing and decided what they could best spare in case the visitors should need clothing.

To find the wreck in the dense fog would be

a hard job. We had anchored and were getting nowhere. The whistle, or fog-horn, was blown very frequently—every minute or two. Finally out of the fog and just at our bow a phantom ship loomed up before us. I never saw anything on the sea more striking than the sudden appearance of this ship.

This phantom ship proved to be an ice-breaker. Its captain shouted that we should steam ahead about a mile. "Lead the way and I will follow," shouted our captain. We soon lost sight of the ice-breaker, however, and in a little while could not even hear its fog-horn.

Stopping, our ship was anchored and for several hours we waited in anticipation. After all this preparation and about five hours of waiting, word finally came that another ship would take care of the stranded people. It seems that the Corsican went down on the rocks, but the people all reached the nearby land in safety. Their lot must have been a hard one, for the weather was quite cold and the water almost ice cold.

It was now past the middle of the afternoon. The fog lifted and we went on our way rejoicing. About sunset we ran onto another serious obstacle. Not far before us seemed a great wall of ice a half hundred feet high. There was not an opening anywhere. Word came, so it was reported, that for nearly a hundred miles the channel was gorged with ice. Again our anchors went down, for it would be folly to try to get through this ice field at night.

In the early morning, however, our engines were started and by the time most of the passengers were up only a few straggling pieces of ice were in sight. During the day we took on a river pilot

and early the next morning arrived in Quebec, having steamed twenty-nine hundred miles from Southampton and were nearly two days late.

The name Canada is derived from "Kanata," which means "A collection of huts." Nearly four centuries ago Jacques Cartier, a brave and bold French mariner, discovered Canada. Making a second voyage a couple of years later, this Frenchman came up the St. Lawrence river to the point where Quebec now stands.

It would be interesting to call attention to some of the thrilling events that have occurred in this historic city of Quebec. The earlier fortifications cost so much that Louis XIV at one time asked whether or not these fortifications were built of gold. Then the English have spent more than twenty-five million dollars on them.

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REMEMBERED BY HIS LODGE

Commander Griffith of the Empress of France told us in one of the Masonic gatherings that he has an understanding with his lodge in Liverpool that on a certain day of each month at 10 P. M. Greenwich time, every member of his lodge stand and remember him two minutes.

AN INFIDEL BUT FOR THREE THINGS

A prominent man is reported to have said he would have been an infidel but for three things. He said, "First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. I am one day nearer the grave than at this time last

night. I have read all that books can tell me but they shed not a ray of light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind.

"Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon its mother's breast. I know that was not a dream.

"Third, I have three motherless daughters. They know no protector but myself. I would rather see them die than to leave them in this cold, sinful world if you were to blot out the teaching of the gospel of Christ."

CHAPTER XXXVI

CONCLUSION

SPECIAL trains were at the pier when the Empress of Britain docked which were to take all who cared to go at once, to Montreal. This was a delightful journey. At Montreal the less than two hundred of our cruisers were scattered. Many went to New York City on the first train. Our Round the World Cruise tickets entitled us to transportation to New York. All who were not going to that place were granted a refund of fourteen dollars.

With about twenty-five others this writer went direct to Chicago. From Chicago to Des Moines I traveled alone, so far as any of the cruisers were concerned, not one of them leaving on the same train. The nearer home one gets, after a long journey, the faster they want to go. The fast train seemed to travel at a snail's pace. Home was reached in safety. After an absence of about four and one-half months all seemed about as when the journey began.

The world cruise was a wonderful journey. I had encircled the globe before, traveling independently. That was a tremendous job, for sometimes it took half a day to get railroad or steamship tickets. Then it is so lonely. This writer has been entirely alone in great cities nearly all over the world. I was at one time sick in a hospital in Shanghai, China; was locked in a railroad coach for hours at a time in Russia; was sick in a hotel in Egypt, years ago, and did not know anyone who could speak English and I could not understand their language.

This great cruise was altogether different. We

never had to pay any attention to either tickets or baggage. Did we go to Calcutta, or Darjeeling, or Agra, or anywhere else in India, all we had to do was to tie the furnished labels on our baggage, set the pieces out of our stateroom and others looked after them. I tied a tab on my suitcase and set it outside my stateroom at Suez and when I reached the Continental Hotel in Cairo and went to my room the suitcase was there on the stand before me. So it was all along the line.

We always rode on special trains in foreign countries. We had the best that money could supply. We stopped only at the finest hotels. If there were enough Cadillacs or Lincolns in a city we never had to ride in a cheap car. We had a great time all the while. Of course there were unpleasant things happened, but already they are nearly all forgotten.

This was the largest company and on the largest steamship, so I am told, that ever attempted to encircle the globe. The miles mentioned of sea travel are nautical miles, which are longer than statute miles. In ordinary miles as we understand distances we traveled more than thirty-three thousand five hundred miles on the sea. It is interesting to know that this was on more than sixty bodies of water, most of which are mentioned in their proper places. From home and back to home this writer traveled more than five thousand miles on railroads, spending six nights on sleeping cars in India alone.

We traveled hundreds of miles in automobiles, all without an accident. If the time were all put together we spent a whole week in jinrikshas and sedan chairs. Many of us got up at two in the morning and rode ponies to the top of Tiger Hill

to see the sun rise on old Mount Everest. Many had their pictures taken on camels and elephants. Some went part way across India by elephant and others took the camel express between places.

Most of our journey was made on water and that is much the safest way to travel. I have before me the records of a great steamship company which has done this kind of business for more than fifty years. To be exact, up to December 31st of last year, this company has carried two million three hundred and twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety-one passengers without the loss of a single life. It is actually safer today for one to cross the Atlantic on a steamship than to ride on the street cars and cross the streets of any large city.

The educational value of this world cruise can hardly be estimated. Few of our people would think of having the knowledge and experience gained stricken from their memory for double the amount of money they expended for the cruise. The horizon has been extended and vision broadened until all are now world men and women. When we read of Mount Kileaua we are looking into its depth. When we read of the pirates of South China we are, in thought, on the Pearl River going over their haunts. When we read of the thirty-six million people on the Island of Java we are there among them. And when we read of a hundred thousand people being run from their homes around Mount Etna we see the smoke once more pouring from its summit. But the journey is ended and we are singing "Home, home, sweet home."

THE MORNING TIMES

VOL. I

JULY

No. 36

SHE'D HAVE TO TURN
ROUND

A thrifty Irishman came to this country many years ago, settled in the state of Minnesota, worked hard and in a quarter of a century became rich. Having no family he decided he would close out his business, go back to the old home neighborhood in Ireland and live like a lord.

Reaching New York, he bought a steamship ticket and went aboard saying he never expected to see America again. But when Pat reached the old home neighborhood, he found that his old friends had either died or moved away and things had so changed that in a week he was homesick. In a little while he could stand it no longer, went down to Queenstown, bought a ticket for New York and shook the dust of Ireland from his feet forever.

Coming up New York Harbor, when Pat saw the Statue of Liberty, he could stand it no longer and took off his hat and yelled, saying, "Good morning, fair lady, I'm mighty glad to see you. You're looking mighty well this morning. But I want you to take a good look at me now, for if you ever see me again you will have to turn round."

Simonides called painting, silent poetry, and poetry, speaking painting.

HURRAH FOR AMERICA

A patriotic Irishman who had been long in America formed the habit of traveling extensively. He always carried a small American flag in his pocket and whenever he saw a good opportunity he would pull the flag from his pocket, wave it and shout, "Hurrah for America."

Pat was in Italy and went to old Rome. While there he decided to visit the catacombs, those underground passages and rooms where they used to bury the dead by laying them up on shelves cut in the rock. But Pat had one failing—he would imbibe a little too freely of various kinds of spirits. Before going into the catacombs he thought he must have some to brace him up, and he took too much.

By the time they were well in the underground passages Pat began to lose out, and when they came into the place where they used to bury the dead, Pat went down in a heap—drunk. Not knowing what else to do with him for the time being they placed him on one of the shelves among the skeletons. When Pat waked up and slowly opened his eyes at first he was nearly scared to death. Only for a moment, however, for he jumped from the shelf, grabbed his flag and shouted "Risserection morning, first man up be-gorra, hurrah for America."

